

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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ART. I.—JOHN WESLEY: HIS CHARACTER AND WORK.

1. *The Works of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, A. M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.* Third American complete and standard Edition. New York: Carlton and Phillips. 1853. 7 vols.
2. *The Life of Wesley; and Rise and Progress of Methodism.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL. D. With Notes by the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, Esq. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 2 vols.
3. *The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism.* By ABEL STEVENS, LL. D. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1861. 3 vols.
4. *Wesley and Methodism.* By ISAAC TAYLOR.

THE character of John Wesley offers a study of peculiar interest, not only for its singular combination of earnest piety with wisdom, sagacity, and diligence in practical affairs, but as one of the finest inheritances of a religious body second to none in Protestant Christendom in the reach and quality of its influence,—a body which has done more, perhaps, than any other to continue the work of the Puritans in this country, and especially to shape the Christianity of the great West.

In illustrating some points of it which have perhaps been made less prominent than they deserve by his biographers, we shall be obliged to pass over those incidents of his early life which they have made sufficiently familiar;—the home-training at Epsworth, under that admirable Christian mother, so meek in her reverence for authority, so firm and true to her personal conviction of duty; the courses of devout reading

which gave him so early the grace of a serious and earnest manhood ; the fondness for mysticism and the ascetic tendency which was brought so easily into the courses of a natural and healthy piety ; the honors and successes of university life, giving him the needed intellectual outfit for the work of his later years. We pass at once to that crisis in his personal history which, as it were, defined the type of the entire "religious movement of the eighteenth century called Methodism," and is one of its best inspirations now.

It was during his absence on a visit of some length at Epsworth, that his brother Charles associated himself with a few other young men of similar disposition, for the purpose of mutual encouragement and instruction. On his return, John immediately joined them, and became the master spirit—*facile princeps*—of the company. It attracted the attention of the members of the University by the character and conduct of those who joined it, and became the object of ridicule and opposition. It was nicknamed the "Holy Club," and the term *Methodists* was first applied to the associates, on account of their precision and regularity in all matters. The members of the society were characterized by great strictness in the performance of religious duties, by much fasting and other self-denying observances, by visiting the poor and sick prisoners, and other unfortunate persons of every class, and by the most thorough system in all their secular work.

There is evident in all this period of Wesley's experience an intense desire to save his own soul. Even his labors for the welfare of others, in which he was most abundant, seem to have been prompted by the motive of self-mortification and the expectation thence of his personal salvation. Doubtless this same motive was largely operative in his accepting the mission to Georgia. His salvation must be wrought out "with fear and trembling." Dissatisfied with himself, in bondage somehow, and performing a joyless servitude, he was still striving after that "liberty of the sons of God" of which he thought the subject ought to be conscious. While engaged in this work in America, he subjected himself to the same mortification, to the same self-abnegation, to the same rigor of systematic and diligent duty. It was a mechanical routine, yet

not with him, as with many, a routine with which he rested satisfied. He was always looking for results which never came ; he wondered, and longed, and vexed himself, but found no relief.

His Georgia mission, so far as the object with which he set out was concerned, was a failure. But he received benefit, the evidence of which appeared in good time. His association with the Moravian brethren during the outward voyage, and his observation of their calm, confident, cheerful spirit in scenes of danger and terror, suggested to him new religious views, which aided some years afterward in developing a healthier tone of thought. He learned that no reliance could be placed on "good works"; that mortifications, almsgivings, and painful labors, when performed *for the purpose* of inducing a desirable religious feeling and securing one's own personal salvation, are not acceptable to God; that these efforts, in order to be proper elements of the Christian life, must spring from the impulse of faith, and not be put forth as the procuring cause of eternal life. Attending a meeting of one of the Moravian societies in London, where a layman was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans, while listening to the description of the change which the spirit works in the heart through faith in Christ, he was suddenly convinced that a great deliverance had come to his soul. "I felt," says he, "my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did firmly trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation, and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

That this was no transient feeling is evinced by the whole tenor of his subsequent life. Ever after, for more than fifty years, we find him in the same joyous frame of mind, only it grew deeper, broader, and more tranquil onward to the very end. The Divine love was to him now and henceforth an ever-present reality. His faith had come to be an assurance, his experience was one of "conscious salvation,"—a clear, undoubted persuasion, not that it should be found somehow hereafter that he had been forgiven and born again, but that he was *now* free from condemnation, and at peace with God.

This experience, in which he had been preceded a few days

by his brother Charles, was regarded by them both as their *new birth*. They believed themselves up to this time not to have been Christians. And this continued to be their opinion through life. The simple facts of their experience, and some notions which they and their coadjutors thought involved in the experience, formed the basis and furnished the vital elements of the new revival. The Divine hatred of sin only measured by the Divine love for the sinner; the disorder, anarchy, and guilt of a sinful soul, and its exposure to the wrath of God; the great provision in Christ for complete deliverance of the soul from this thraldom of sin and exposure to perdition; the actual presence of the Holy Ghost in the heart of the penitent, shedding abroad the love of God and making his presence *felt* in the consciousness of the believer,—these were the topics upon which those ardent evangelists dilated before the great congregations gathering to hear their strange words.

These doctrines were not new. They were contained in the Book of Prayer and in the homilies of the Church of England. Many of the clergy and members very likely had not the remotest thought that they were there; many others, though forced to acknowledge them as thus authorized, had no idea that they were to be interpreted in any literal and practical manner, but rather to be regarded as rhetorical ornaments, to which one was at liberty to attach any convenient meaning. It is not yet an obsolete thing for members of churches, and even clergymen, to be surprised that their ecclesiastical books should be supposed to mean what they say.

The religious condition of England at this time was deplorable. Many of the clergy were exceedingly ignorant and immoral. The men of learning spent their strength mostly on the polemics of natural religion. Spiritual life and character were scarcely anywhere urged with much earnestness on the people. Among the upper classes there was the most mechanical formalism alternating with infidelity; among the lower, there was a superstitious ritualism shading off into a virtual paganism. Archbishop Secker deplored the demoralization as threatening to “become absolutely fatal”; Burnet saw “imminent ruin hanging over the Church,” and “over the whole Reformation”; Watts wrote, that “religion was dying in the

world"; and others complained that the Anglican Church had become "an ecclesiastical system, under which the people of England had lapsed into heathenism," and "Nonconformity was rapidly in course to be found nowhere but in the books."

The Wesleys, even before the great change in their spiritual state, had attracted much notice in London and elsewhere by the earnestness of their preaching, and the solemn importance they attached to the subject of personal holiness. Now their words were far more ardent, direct, and powerful. Great crowds flocked to the churches where they officiated, and hung with eager interest on their words.

With their younger associate, Whitefield, they soon extended their labors to other large cities and populous districts. Wherever they came, thousands gathered to see and hear the strange things spoken and done. Whatever of extravagance mingled in with their mighty movement, it is now evident that a great spiritual revival was taking place.

"Drunkards were reclaimed; sinners were converted; the penitents who came in despair were sent away with the full assurance of joy; the dead sleep of indifference was broken. . . . These effects Wesley saw,—they were public and undeniable; and, looking forward in exultant faith, hoped that the leaven would not cease to work till it had leavened the whole mass; that the impulse which he had given would surely, though slowly, operate a national reformation." *

Violent opposition was provoked. Brutal mobs assailed the preachers, broke up their congregations, tore down the dwellings of their followers, and committed barbarous acts of personal violence. The magistrates refused to interfere; even ministers were found sympathizing with the rioters, and not seldom leading or urging them on. But still the work went forward, more prosperously, no doubt, for the opposition it met. New fields were constantly opening, and multitudes who had scarcely heard a Gospel sermon in their lives, and perhaps scarcely knew they had souls to be saved, were eager to hear the fervent, earnest preachers.

In order to estimate properly the elements of leadership in Wesley, and to appreciate the character and extent of his in-

* Southey, Vol. I. p. 382.

fluence, it is needful to glance at his mental structure. He was, in the first place, a man of superior scholastic abilities. While at Oxford, he had evinced uncommon facility in making himself master of any subject to which he directed his attention. He was a fine classical student, thoroughly informed and critical. Greek was his favorite language, but he was well acquainted with Hebrew and several of the modern tongues. Mathematics he studied for a while with much eagerness, but he never entered into the more abstruse parts, fearing an unfavorable influence upon the studies more appropriate to his profession. That he was not a friend to metaphysical philosophy, we might infer from the general qualities of his mind, if we were not informed by positive testimony. He had an unusual taste for logic and *belles-lettres*, and in the studies pertaining to these branches he excelled. On the whole, he was distinguished for the vigor of his intuitive reason, rather than for any comprehensive philosophical ability. Perhaps here is to be found the chief defect of his intellectual character, and out of it arose his principal weaknesses. This very defect, and some of these very weaknesses, were the grand elements of his strength. Had the reflective qualities been more active and powerful, holding the intuitive in check, he would not only have been less qualified to sway the multitude, but still less to instantly perceive and immediately remedy the wants which the remarkable exigencies of his work revealed.

Wesley became an accomplished dialectician, though his logic was no doubt much vitiated by the technical and artificial qualities at that time popular. It was a logic not always to be relied on in practical matters, and yet one to which its votaries, Wesley among others, were accustomed to give the most implicit faith. Contradictions there must always be when a man writes extensively as he did, governed by the rules of logic unaccompanied by a philosophic insight. We do not think the less of Wesley for sometimes contradicting himself. It was one of the noblest qualities of his mind that he dared to be inconsistent. In avowing the convictions of to-day, his loyalty to truth overcame his adherence to any opinion of yesterday. Some of his inconsistencies came from the strong conservatism of his character. His reverence for ecclesias-

tical usages, and determined purpose of adherence to the Church of England, and of retaining his followers within its pale, seem incompatible with the tendency of many of his provisions for the government of the societies, to say nothing of the action he felt compelled to take toward the end of his career. So, too, of some of his views wherein he dissented most resolutely from the Calvinists. As points of dissent they were happily taken, and we think triumphantly sustained ; yet to a more comprehensive mind it is obvious that he should either have gone farther or not so far. He was not aiming at a system of dogmatic theology, but at a practical religious reformation ; only what he deemed immediately detrimental to that did he stop to dispute. His views, too, of "the witness of the Spirit," "faith as a condition of salvation," and "Christian perfection," though containing radical, simple, almost self-evident truths, yet so lack clearness and precision, and have withal such a variety of statement, that his real meaning is quite a subject of dispute among those who heartily believe the general doctrines involved.

But for all this, his logic in its more limited sense was a powerful weapon. His keenness in detecting a fallacy, and his skill in bringing admitted facts and principles to bear on the point in dispute, were alike remarkable. This ability, too, was one great element of his power in his popular addresses. However much men admire inspiring eloquence, they almost always like to be reasoned with ; and, provided a speaker be only idiomatic and apprehensible, he may always be sure of holding the attention of the masses in a thorough argument on a question in which his whole soul is interested.*

A defect kindred to the one alluded to above was a certain failure to comprehend human character in some of its most familiar aspects. The plan of discipline and education at the

* " Yet in speaking of Wesley as a master of technical logic, we must screen him at once from the imputation of ever having played the part of a scholastic sophist or wordy wrangler. The high tone of his mind, and the thorough seriousness which belonged to him, and his reverence for truth, and afterward his religious awe, forbade him to engage as a gladiator in any disputation. Such an imputation he resented warmly. Many, indeed, were the sophisms (logically compacted) which he himself bowed to, but never did he defend one the fallacy of which he secretly discerned." — Isaac Taylor.

Kingswood school is an example. He intended this as a model institution of Christian education. But the iron rules and rigid mechanism to which the children were subjected, the stern diligence required in the various tasks and employments, and the utter repression of all genuine boyish impulse, provoke a touch of indignation. They were required to rise at four, winter and summer; they were to spend the time till five in private reading, singing, praying, and meditating; from five till seven, they breakfasted and walked or worked, the master being constantly with them; and so on through the allotted tasks of the day, working or studying always under the eye of a teacher. Play was prohibited, and holidays were unknown. This was from no spirit of despotism, and no lack of the genial and kindly qualities of the heart; but solely from an attempt to form a theory with reference to objects of the character of which he was ignorant. Some one has said that Wesley knew nothing of the nature of a boy, inasmuch as he had never been one himself. We suspect there is something of truth in the statement.

The charge of "enthusiasm" has been freely made against Wesley,—meaning a condition of mind in which one is governed by impressions and impulses of a supposed supernatural character. Certain features of his conduct taken by themselves might possibly give color to this charge. With the literal simple-heartedness of a child, he gave credit to many apparently authentic reports of preternatural or supernatural events, which most thoughtful and sensible men would have been sceptical about. Yet in scarcely an instance did he put them to any practical use. They were merely, in his estimation, curious facts, which he put by themselves, but on which he founded no doctrine, and from which he generalized no law. This tendency in him may be accounted for on the ground of the lack of a philosophical habit, referred to above, in an unsuspecting mind.

On the other hand, a keen logical mind like his was just the one from which enthusiasm, in its worse sense, would be naturally excluded. The founder of a sect very generally regarded as subject to impressions and impulses more than others, was himself always one of the most perfectly self-controlled men

that ever lived ; and not only self-controlled, but so thoroughly systematic in his whole way of life as to leave absolutely no room for wayward impulse or diseased impression. The principle of order in him was a powerful instinct, and he always deferred to it.

In his religious teaching, Wesley rejects "the vulgar notion that salvation is a bare deliverance from hell or going to heaven." It is "a present deliverance from sin, a restoration of the soul to its primitive health, its original purity, a recovery of the Divine nature, the renewal of our souls after the image of God. This implies all holy and heavenly tempers, and, by consequence, all holiness of conversation." In one of his earlier sermons he exhorts his hearers to "abhor sin far more than death or hell," to "abhor sin far more than the punishment of it." So clear was his conception of the abhorrent nature of sin *in itself*, that, when he preached to great multitudes of wicked and abandoned men, he made *them* feel it too ; and thus it was that under his appeals they realized within themselves the doom of the lost,— "the terrors of hell gat hold of them,"—they cried out with anguish, and many of them fell down as dead men. Though not at all distinguished for what is popularly known as eloquence,— for Whitefield, and not Wesley, was the chief model, if not the originator, of that style of popular preaching characteristic of Methodism from the first,— yet the marvellous physical effects of which so much has been said began earlier, and were more frequent, under Wesley's discourse than under Whitefield's. The latter always carried his audience along with him on the mighty tide of his oratory ; and that, too, whether it was composed of the rude, boorish mob of Kingswood and Moorfields, or made up in part, as it often was, of the most intelligent, refined, and critical persons in the three kingdoms ; but bodily agitations and intense excitements were oftener the effect of Wesley's calmer and more logical style of address.* He cultivated plainness of speech, as of everything

* "There must have been some peculiar power in his address which the records of the times have failed to describe ; something more than what we can infer from the descriptions of those who heard him, and who tell us that his attitude in the pulpit was graceful and easy ; his action calm and natural, yet pleasing and expressive ; his voice not loud, but clear, agreeable, and masculine ; and his style neat and perspicuous." — Stevens.

else. Unquestionably he had a taste for the beautiful in literature and art, and, in spite of his own rules, frequently indulged it. But his only professed canon of rhetoric was to convey his thought in the most direct and effective way to the minds addressed. His aim was not to please, but to convince and persuade. He said he would consider it "as great a sin to preach a fine sermon, as to wear a fine coat." Yet, whatever may have been the qualities of his preaching, they were such as to attract hearers wherever he went. Great crowds waited on him, whether in the chapels in London, in the wide fields outside the city, in the populous provincial towns, or among the mountains of Wales; and this, too, from early manhood to extreme old age.

But his most marked characteristics appear in his ability as an ecclesiastical legislator. A complicated yet compact and efficient scheme of church order stands as an enduring monument of his genius in this direction. Not that he either did or could think out the details of such a scheme beforehand. This would have implied an exercise of forethought and politic contrivance quite opposite to his whole mental constitution. His power lay in fitting expedients to conjunctures. He seems never to have had the least idea of building up an ecclesiasticism, or even any considerable system of religious agencies, till he had already far advanced in the work. His single object from the first was "to spread Scriptural holiness," by every practicable means. A member of the Church of England down to the time of his death, he unquestionably meant to labor for a revival of spiritual religion in that Church, and separation from it was not intended, nor till a subsequent period foreseen by him. Late in life the evident tendency of things forced upon him a conviction that this separation would take place after his death, and it was, there is reason to believe, inexpressibly painful to him.

The Societies, in their origin, were simply associations in their respective localities of a few individuals for mutual religious improvement. In the very first, the "Holy Club" of Oxford, certain rules were agreed to by the members for their guidance. Similar rules were adopted whenever a new Society was formed, as in London, Bristol, and elsewhere. These were

the foundation of what are now the "General Rules" in all the Methodist churches in Christendom. As these societies enlarged and multiplied themselves, there arose the necessity of providing suitable places for meeting. Chapels began to be built. Other expenses accrued. Money began to be needed ; and along with this came Boards of Stewards and Trustees. The Society was divided into "Classes," and persons were appointed to collect the contributions. Then it was found that this arrangement might be turned to religious account. The collector was directed to inquire after the spiritual welfare of the members. For convenience, he met them once a week in a designated place, and was now denominated a Leader. The division into Classes, which was at first only a *financial* measure, is now perhaps the most prominent religious feature in the Methodist polity. So with the organization of the lay ministry, afterward developed into a regular clergy. The ministers of the Establishment, with few exceptions, stood aloof, scorning and neglecting the souls who had been so far reclaimed by the instrumentality of Wesley and his coadjutors as to consent willingly to the church guardianship. With many misgivings he accepted the offer of lay helpers who wished to labor under his direction. These assistants rapidly multiplied, and among them were found men of extraordinary character and talents. To systematize their labors, circuits and districts were formed. As they multiplied and spread through the kingdoms, and the need of organization pressed, he invited the principal helpers to meet him for consultation,— and thus arose the first "Conference." The permanence and remarkable effectiveness of the organization, however defective in certain aspects, attest the extraordinary sagacity of the man who conceived it.

There unquestionably appears in Wesley a vein of egotism, and what in most men would pass for self-conceit. But any one familiarly acquainted with his character would see that it was the egotism of a little child. Mere vanity, or a selfish ambition, might have been satisfied with his magnificent and almost unparalleled outward success. But we find him complaining in a style that was sure to peril his popularity, because so little had been accomplished in comparison with what he hoped. The people gathered into his societies were far from

being as holy, humble, simple, and unworldly as he had expected them to be. Instead of glorying in the outward effects and wonderful results, he mourns bitterly that the real fruits for which he labored so long and prayed so earnestly were not forthcoming. A selfish ambition would have been amazed and irritated by the wanton opposition he met, the misconstruction of his plans and principles, the untractable character of much of his material, the failure of some of his cherished schemes. But he seems to have been kept wholly free from such disturbance by a steadfast adherence to his high religious purpose, and a calm trust that in pursuing it he was following the order of the Divine Providence. Be the exigency what it might, after adopting what seemed to him to be the best measure, he dismissed it from his mind. The power to do this secured to him unbroken rest by night and unclouded cheerfulness by day. But it is a faculty which can hardly be possessed by one whose purposes are not pure and disinterested.

A very marked trait of character in Wesley is the extraordinary diligence which enabled him to accomplish what might seem to be the work of three or four lives. His habits of strict temperance and rigid order conduced greatly to this. So, too, did his almost perfect health. He was constantly travelling, preaching, studying, writing, translating or abridging, superintending his societies, or applying the principles he had devised for their government. For about half a century he travelled between four and five thousand miles a year, and his journeys were pursued on horseback down to his seventieth year. He preached two, three, and sometimes four sermons a day, commencing at five in the morning. He preached forty-two thousand four hundred sermons after his return from Georgia, an average of more than fifteen a week. It is said there was not an instance during a period of fifty years when the severest weather hindered him for a single day. He also wrote much. His works, including abridgments and translations, amount to about two hundred volumes. They comprise treatises on almost every subject of divinity, on poetry, music, history, and natural, moral, metaphysical, and political philosophy. One of the historians of the denomination says that his travels, his studies, or his ministerial labors, were each more than sufficient for an

ordinary man ; that few men could have endured to travel so much as he did without either preaching, writing, or reading ; that few could have endured to preach so often as he did, supposing they had neither travelled nor written books ; and that very few could have written and published so many books as he did, though they had always avoided both travelling and preaching.*

His favorite maxim was, " Always in haste, but never in a hurry." " I have not time to be in a hurry," he said. Another remark of his was, " Leisure and I have taken leave of each other." A specimen of systematic industry and close economy of time is seen in his Journal on the voyage to America. After they were fairly at sea, they

" began to be a little regular. Our common way of living was this. From four in the morning till five, each of us used private prayer. From five till seven we read the Bible together, carefully comparing it (that we might not lean to our own understandings) with the writings of the earliest ages. At seven we breakfasted. At eight were the public prayers. From nine to twelve I usually learned *German*, and Mr. Delamotte *Greek*. My brother wrote sermons, and Mr. Ingham instructed the children. At twelve we met, to give an account to one another of what we had done since our last meeting, and what we designed to do before our next. About one we dined. The time from dinner to four we spent in reading to those of whom each of us had taken charge, or in speaking to them severally, as need required. At four were the evening prayers, when either the second lesson was explained (as it always was in the morning) or the children catechised and instructed before the congregation. From five to six we again used private prayer. From six to seven I read in our cabin to two or three of the passengers (of whom there were about eighty English on board), and each of my brethren to a few more in theirs. At seven I joined with the *Germans* in their public service, while Mr. Ingham was reading between the decks to so many as desired to hear. At eight we met again to exhort and instruct one another. Between eight and nine we went to bed, where neither the roaring of the sea nor the motion of the ship could take away the refreshing sleep which God gave us."

Yet this was only an example of Wesley's life for a period of more than half a century. Such, however, was the happy distribution of his time, that, amid his multiplicity of engage-

* Crowther's Portraiture of Methodism, quoted by Stevens, Vol. II. p. 377.

ments, he declares there were few men who spent so many hours in quiet solitude as himself; and it is nearly certain that few could so readily find time for every needful work. One would think that, with all the severe labors and cares necessarily attaching to his office, he must have neglected everything else. But it was not so. "History, poetry, and philosophy," said he, "I commonly read on horseback, having other employment at other times." He used to throw the reins on the horse's neck, and in this way, reading as he rode, he travelled in the course of his life above a hundred thousand miles, with no accident of any importance. Thus, too, he maintained an acquaintance with current and standard literature. It is even said that a volume of manuscript annotations on Shakespeare was found among his papers after his death. But one of his literary executors, thinking it almost a profane waste of time that so much attention of a religious man should have been given to a secular subject,—a subject, too, of doubtful moral propriety,—promptly burnt the manuscript! Possibly the world might have been better off, had some other commentaries on the works of the great dramatist been similarly treated.

We should leave out a prominent trait in Wesley's character, if we failed to allude to his extraordinary courage. He was certainly one of the most intrepid men of whom we have ever read. Regarding himself as divinely called to a sacred and special work, he felt certain that, while he was with all faithfulness, however imperfectly, doing that work, God would take care of the results, and of him too, whether successful or unsuccessful, whether living or dying. It was his business to obey God; for the rest he had no care. And so he could stand before riotous mobs as unperturbed as if in his quiet room in London, often appalling by his very calmness and self-possession those who were sent to arrest or maltreat him, and sometimes even converting the most brutal of them into his earnest defenders.

The physical violence which he encountered, though sometimes so severe as greatly to imperil his life, was small in comparison with attacks made upon his reputation, his motives, and the character of his work. He was represented, with a good deal of force at one time, as a Papist, and an agent for

the Pretender ; at another, as a Jesuit who kept Roman priests in his house at London ; as an agent of Spain, whence he had received large remittances in order to raise a body of twenty thousand men to aid the expected Spanish invasion. He was an Anabaptist ; a Quaker ; had been prosecuted for unlawfully selling gin ; had hanged himself ; had been arrested for high treason, and so forth.* So far as these were merely popular slanders, they were of little account. Sometimes they became so current that the officers of government took notice of them, and both he and his brother were compelled to appear before the magistrates and clear themselves of suspicion. Worse evils than these befell. During the Calvinistic controversy, some of his opponents had the confidence of his intractable wife,† who had not only deserted him, but had carried with her his papers and letters. The latter are known to have been interpolated in such a way as to appear to justify her monomaniacal jealousy. They were about to be printed in the *Morning Post* by his antagonists. Charles Wesley got word of it, and hastened to inform his brother. The latter had an engagement to preach the next day at Canterbury, and had promised to take with him his niece, to let her see the ancient cathedral. Charles with all earnestness urged him to give up the journey and stop the publication. He in vain placed before him the evil consequences that would result, — the injury to the cause of religion, and the blasting of his own good name. John would not violate his engagement. His reply was : “ Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation ? No ; tell Sally I will take her to Canterbury tomorrow.” The letters were satisfactorily proved to be mutilated, and no scandal resulted from their publication.

A lady once asked him, “ Mr. Wesley, if you knew that

* Stevens, Vol. I. p. 199.

† Wesley had married, in 1752, Mrs. Vizelle, a widow lady with four children and an independent fortune. The fortune he took care should be settled on her before marriage. He also stipulated that he should not preach one sermon nor travel one mile the less for his marriage. The union was unhappy. Mrs. Wesley was of a most disagreeable and jealous disposition. She left him two or three times, and returned at his urgent entreaty. But her conduct was most annoying and tormenting. She finally left him to return no more, though he was not wholly freed from her persecution for a long time.

you should die to-morrow night at ten o'clock, what should you do in the mean time?" "Do," said he; "I would preach to-morrow morning at Gloucester at five o'clock; I would preach at Tewksbury at twelve; return and preach at Gloucester at six; spend a cheerful and profitable hour with my friends after the labors of the day; then I should retire to my room,

‘ My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.’

An eminent trait in Wesley was his large and noble charity. Of money "he literally gave away all that he had," except the small sum requisite to his own wants. He did not believe in a Christian's laying up money while there was so much poverty and sin in the community. He tells us that, when a young man, he had thirty pounds a year. He lived upon twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings. The next year he received sixty pounds, and still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away thirty-two. The third year he received ninety, and the fourth year one hundred and twenty; still he lived, as before, on twenty-eight, and gave away the surplus. And so through life he always lived in the simplest and most frugal way. Even when, by the publication of his books, (and he had the whole profit of printing and selling them,) he was in the annual receipt of a very large income, he gave away all beyond his bare living. It is estimated that during his life he thus distributed more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His business was, to do good "to the bodies and souls of men." Nor was the kindness of his heart exhausted in the severe and trying controversies in which he was involved,—whether with the Moravians, from whom he early differed because of what he deemed their unscriptural extravagances; with the Calvinists, against whose monstrous errors he felt bound to protest, thus occasioning the bitterest strife; or with the Socinians, upon whose sentiments he animadverted. He was keen, skilful, and powerful in argument, sparing no one who stood in the way of the truth; firm and positive in his opinions, yet tolerant and courteous in his treatment of his opponents. He says:—

“ We may die without a knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love, what will knowl-

edge avail? Just as much as it would avail the Devil and his angels! I will not quarrel with you about my opinion; only see that your heart be right toward God, and that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbor, and walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them; my soul loathes this frothy food: give me solid and substantial religion; give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man,—a man full of mercy and good faith, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Let my soul be with these Christians, wheresoever they are and whatsoever opinion they are of."

He published the Lives of several Roman Catholics, and of one Socinian, for the edification of his followers. Respecting the latter he says:—

"I was exceedingly struck in reading the following life,* having long settled it in my mind that the entertaining wrong notions concerning the Trinity was inconsistent with real piety. But I cannot argue against matter-of-fact. I dare not deny that Mr. Firmin was a pious man, although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous."

Reading the *Meditations* of Marcus Antoninus, he says:—

"What a strange Emperor! and what a strange heathen! Giving thanks to God for all the good things he enjoyed. I make no doubt this is one of those many who shall come from the East and the West, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, while the children of the kingdom (nominal Christians) are shut out."

The monks of La Trappe, with all their superstitions, seemed to him to have "a strong vein of piety." Loyola he judges to have been "one of the greatest men that ever were engaged in so bad a cause." Of Pelagius he writes: "By all I can pick up from ancient authors, I guess he was both a wise and holy man." He was also convinced "that the Montanists, in the second and third centuries, were real Scriptural Christians."

It was a matter upon which he laid great stress, that the terms upon which persons were admitted into the Societies did not impose any opinions whatever. They might hold, as he asserts, particular or general redemption, absolute or conditional decrees; they might be Churchmen or Dissenters, Presbyterians or Independents, Anabaptists or Quakers. Only one condition

* Life of Thomas Firmin.

was required,—“a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to save the soul.”

“I have no more right,” said he, “to object to a man for holding a different opinion from me, than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair; but if he takes his wig off, and begins to shake the powder about my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get quit of him as soon as possible.”

The old age of Wesley was in singular harmony with the serene temper and devoted activity of his life. His health was excellent down to the last few years before his death. His face was remarkably fine, his complexion fresh to the last week of his life, his eye quick, keen, and active. After he was eighty years old, he continued to travel, write, and preach as he had ever done, and even went twice to Holland. On entering his eighty-fourth year he says: “I am a wonder to myself. I am never tired (such is the goodness of God) either with writing, preaching, or travelling.” During this year he first began to feel decay, though he lived till the eighty-eighth year of his age, and continued to labor somewhat till within a few weeks of his death. It was a happy old age with him. Wherever he went, there were multitudes who rose up to call him blessed. He had lived down all opposition of a kind to disturb his reputation. He was permitted to preach under the thick shade of the trees in Kingswood, which in early manhood he had planted with his own hand. Most of his old disciples there were dead, and their children’s children surrounded him. He outlived nearly all his first preachers, and stood up mighty in his labors and rich in their fruits among the second and third generations of his people. He died surrounded by his most devoted friends, exclaiming in his last hours, with great fervor, “The best of all is, God is with us.”

ART. II.—DIES IRÆ.

1. *Freedom and War.* By H. W. BEECHER.
2. *In War Time.* By J. G. WHITTIER.
3. *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

THERE is a modern philosophy which aims to supersede the ancient belief in a Judgment Day. Every day, it says, is a judgment day: the evil or good thing or man is damned or imparadised on the instant, and in virtue of being good or ill. Very important, certainly, is the truth contained in this statement; yet we can scarcely credit it with an insight so deep as that which is discoverable in that more universal presentiment of a great day in the future, wherein final adjudication is to be made between heaven and hell, right and wrong. *Iddio non paga il Sabato*, say the Italians,—“God does not settle up his accounts at the end of the week.” From those pictures of a cross of agony and shame growing through the ages to be a throne of judgment for the world, of the field of wheat and tares growing together unto their harvest,—pictures with corresponding traits frescoing the temple-walls of every nation,—we discern that mankind have in every age felt that, whilst justice is ever awake, her thunders sleep long; that things do mature to their good or evil consummation,—the last petal organically unfolded from the true being Immortality, the last from the evil, Death. The strata of the earth, each burying a past dynasty, and transmitting the heir of the higher which advances, anticipate the epochs of history, or the series of authentic separations between social forms unworthy to reign longer, and those which can be the adequate trunk and members for the spirit of the new age. Of course each epoch has its own doomsday; but the succession of revolutions cannot end until the archangel is enthroned, and the archfiend chained in the pit. “Justice,” said a Persian sage, “is so dear to the heart of nature, that, if at the last day a single atom of injustice were found, the universe would shrivel like a snake-skin to cast it off forever.”

The old theologians had also an ingenious way of showing the probability of the ancient belief, that the consummation

was to be by fire. See, they said, how universal is the susceptibility to combustion ; rub two sticks together, rub any metal, strike any pebble, and you shall find the consuming element sleeping in each. This element, the child and restless devotee of the sun, purifier and destroyer, minister of both love and wrath, from the earliest period impressed the heart of the world — as only that which comes through the brain of the world can impress it — as the agent of the final change. Fire is not the symbol of indifference, and hate sends out winds, not hot, but deathly cold ; but love and wrath — much closer allies than they seem — both *flame*. When love is mightiest, it ceases to be indulgent, — it smites and scathes. Standing before the fierce conflagration of war sweeping through the world to-day, the past with its wrongs shrivelling like a burnt scroll before it, there follows after the fire the still, small voice, whispering of the Supreme Love which thus saves man from his own darkness and evil, at whatever cost. There is, it whispers, no cold marble of indifference to human action and human destiny at the heart of the universe, but a great core of fire, whose flames kindle at once the seraph's rapture and the demon's torment, whose love is at once the glow of heaven and the flame of hell. "Love," said Mohammed, "is the hell-spark that burneth up the mountain of iniquity."

The Maker of this universe has, it seems, ever loved his human children too well to allow them to go on in evil safely and serenely ; he has laid the trains of sure destruction under all the habitations of injustice, from the beginning. The very victory of evil is its death-flower. The long and eventful experience of the present Premier of England summed itself up in those memorable words : "The greatest calamity that can befall a nation is to enter upon a heritage of triumphant wrong." In the light of these principles, to which each day that shines adds some new ray of illustration, we propose to consider some signs of the present time. The old portents which have always marked the sealing up of outworn epochs reappear ; there are "wars and rumors of wars" in every land ; nations and races are linked each to each by the woes of fiery change ; the cry of a mighty travail strikes through the heart

of the world. The bursting shells of Virginia and Tennessee, linking their echoes to the bombs that shatter the roofs of Mexico, crossing the now ruffled Pacific, are joined to the storm beating upon the forts of Japan ; then, swollen with the cannon-roar of Taeping and Imperialist in China, they burst over Russia and Poland, to be hurled in one thunderous surge against the shuddering walls of Western Europe ; and if these walls, weaker each day, shall yield, the world will be girt with one unbroken sea of dissolving fire. Six actual, and more than twice as many imminent wars, may now be counted in the world. These conflicts have various forms, and superficially indicate various principles. But amidst their fury the attentive ear may hear

" Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom."

We propose to analyze these conflicts of the world,— both those which have and those which have not been delivered to the ordeal of war. Such an inquiry may serve to give us a knowledge of each issue in itself, such as may assist each in the directing of his sympathies in special cases, and may help us to a clear idea of what is the true policy of our own country toward them all. But our ulterior object is to eliminate the vital element in each conflict, in order to ascertain the simplest classification of these forces, to discover the great, overmastering idea to which they are all drawn, as the tidal waves to their moon.

The aggressive civilization of the world seems to have been intrusted to the Anglo-Saxon race. And for this end it is heavily loaded, first of all, in the direction of the love of adventure. The English home is the synonyme of comfort ; and yet one has only to look at the catalogue of new books for any year to see that there is a large proportion of Englishmen, of the higher classes, who are eager to abandon their comfortable homes to encounter tigers, anacondas, lions, gorillas, Indians, New-Zelanders, and Japanese. For many centuries this has been going on, and these adventures have filled England with reports of the characteristics of many climates and soils,— telling of gold to be found here, and opium there, and tea somewhere else. Then the second enormous phrenological

organ in the English brain has been excited, — to wit, Selfishness. The merchants built great ships, — one fleet for produce, and another mounted with guns to obtain it, — and generally succeeded in persuading the barbarians to trade, much in the way the beggar persuaded Gil Blas to bestow alms upon him, namely, by levelling a gun at his head. Thus in nearly every country England has laid the foundation of civilization, — Commerce. To acknowledge commerce with its stern laws as the corner-stone of civilization, is only to acknowledge that man is an animal before he is anything higher. We may wince under the means by which England is now obtaining commercial footholds in New Zealand and Japan; but the fair results which are to come after the rough ploughshare of war may be seen in the growths of America which were similarly begun. The wars, then, of which we hear in New Zealand and Japan, have less character than any others now going on. They are simply wars of race on the one side, and on the other wars for law and good faith in the fulfilment of treaties, which are not only the vital air of commerce, but the first lesson of civilization which can be taught a race. Because selfishness is at the bottom of every attack made upon those barbarians, let us not forget that it is selfishness reduced through many ages to the control of law and equality.

Where England sends a ship, she sends a law better than any she finds, — a tribunal before which the humblest Japanese may have an equal protection with the proudest *daimio* or the most grasping English tradesman. And though we may be indignant at special instances of cruelty attending the diffusion of English commerce and institutions, we have much reason to believe that all of such instances that we could name, including the blowing of Sepoys from mortars, and even the criminal burning of Kagosima, would scarcely equal the record of one day's inhumanities of those barbarous governments toward their own swarming subjects. May we not, then, see in these small wars of the remote East evidence that civilization, having journeyed westward to the shores of the Pacific, must ere long sail that ocean to begin the world anew, — to rebuild those outworn and rotten societies of the East, and march westward again till it reach Europe and America, which will

then need rebuilding as much as Japan and China do now? The guns which defend the footholds of England in Japan, New Zealand, and India seem the pioneers sent out by the Anglo-Saxon race to clear away the rubbish of ages, and cut the paths, that a Lord, who has not yet appeared, may find them ready at his coming. Hercules, as the fable runs, when he would unbind Prometheus, sailed the ocean in an earthen jar; in commerce, earthen as it is, the liberative genius of humanity is borne to every land where man is bound in chains of ignorance and wrong.

Journeying with the sun,—for that is our plan,—we come next to consider the great insurrection which has been going on in China for thirteen years, and which, after passing through a long passive phase, has recently had a notable revival. The chief points relating to the origin of this insurrection may be given very briefly. In the year 1833, Hung-sin-tsuen, a young man born twenty years before, near Canton, met with a native convert to Christianity, who gave him some volumes entitled “Good Words exhorting the Age.” Some four years later, this young Chinaman was taken sick, and during his illness was subject to visions. In one of these visions he seemed to be led into a splendid hall, in which was seated a venerable man, who thus addressed him: “All human beings in the world are produced and sustained by me: they eat my food and wear my clothing, but not a single one among them has a heart to remember and venerate me; what is, however, still worse, they take my gifts and therewith worship demons: they rebel against me and arouse my anger. Do not thou imitate them!” Thereupon, in his vision, Hung-sin-tsuen received from the venerable man a sword, with which he was commanded to exterminate the demons. In his visions he also saw a man of middle age, whom he called his elder brother, who accompanied him in his searchings for and contests with evil spirits. This man, who was soon known throughout his district as “Sin-tsuen, the Madman,” often said he was appointed to be the Emperor of China.

After a while he recovered health and reason, and betook himself to his usual occupation of school-teaching. In all this time Sin-tsuen had never read those Christian volumes, “Good Words exhorting the Age,” which had been given him. But in

1843 a relation of his named Ti borrowed and read them, and on returning them told Sin-tsuen that they were very remarkable. The writings were, in fact, chiefly extracts from the Bible. On being told that the writings were extraordinary, Sin-tsuen read them carefully, and was surprised to find in them a key to his own visions. The venerable man who had spoken to him in complaint of mankind and given him a sword, he now saw to be God, the Heavenly Father; and the man of middle age, whom he had called his elder brother, and who had assisted him in finding and exterminating evil spirits, he now saw to be Jesus Christ.

This was the turning-point in his career. He and his friend Ti, and another enthusiast named Yung-San, formed a society called "Worshippers of God," which seems to have had a progress, attended by excitements and revivals, something like the movement of the Wesleys. In the Kwei district alone they numbered, in 1847, two thousand adherents; and in the same year the first breach of the peace occurred, some of the converts having undertaken to destroy the idols in the temples, and to interfere with the worship of the villages. By the year 1850 this religious movement had been joined by some political malecontents, and Sin-tsuen, having now assumed the name of Tien Wang,—i. e. the Heavenly Prince,—had drifted to the position of the rebel chief. About the middle of 1851, he and his companions had captured the city of Yung-guan, and he was proclaimed first Emperor of the new dynasty of Taiping, or "Great Peace." The insurrection has always had more of a religious than of a political character, and the insurgents have fought in that wild, reckless, sometimes successful, but always uncertain way, which has generally characterized militant zealots. We have the authority of Commander Brine of the Royal Navy of Great Britain for believing that they lost the empire at one juncture only for want of a military leader of foresight; and it is quite within the range of possibilities that the American Captain Burgevine, who has joined them, may bring them again to the formidable position which they had when in 1853 they stormed and took Nankin.

This insurrection is just one of those in which a reflecting man finds little or nothing on either side to interest him, much

less to enlist his partisan susceptibilities. On one side we have the old Dead Sea of Chinese imperialism,—mere rotten barbarism; on the other, a wild tornado of superstition, stirring up all other elements of discontent. It is true that there is a faint ghost of Christianity discernible among the Taepings; but that it has any value we do not know. We are free to confess, however, that we sympathize with the Taepings so far as to wish them success; and this simply because their success is the pulverization of that rock-mountain which has pressed upon every head and heart in that vast empire, and made its millions as morally and mentally stunted as their own feet. The doctrine of the Divine right of kings is a dwarfing one wherever it exists; but maintained to the extent that it is in China, it makes rebellion the alternative of actual extinction. The Taepings, it seems, were themselves so overawed by this idea, that they scarcely dared to take open ground against it. We were conversing not long ago with a missionary who had lived in China many years, and he told us that he had one day said to a leading Taiping: "How is this? You Chinese all profess to believe that the Emperor holds his throne by Divine right, and yet you are found in arms against him." "Certainly," was the reply, "we believe that the Emperor holds his throne by Divine right, and he proves this by his ability to hold on to it. If we can put our Tian-Wang on it, it will show that Tian-Wang has the Divine right." The Taepings certainly have a larger view; and even if their success should give us only the negative benefit of pulverizing the rock, we know that the great Light and Air stand ready to uplift that rock-dust into the fibres of stately growths. All new life begins with disintegration. We may speak with contempt of insurrectionary movement; but if there should not be an insurrection in every clod and tree this spring, we should be badly off for food when winter comes again. China has had a long enough winter for us to welcome even a Taeping spring.

We now come to consider the great drama which has for two years been proceeding on the stage of Europe, which for the moment seems as if it would prove a dreary tragedy, but whose *dénouement* is still of apprehension to tyrants and of hope to the people. There is good authority for believing that, before

the outbreak of Poland, Louis Napoleon had planned a game for Europe something like the following. He was plotting with Russia and Prussia for the furtherance of a scheme which was, first of all, to transfer the Rhenish Provinces from Prussia to France,—Prussia to take the eastern part of Posen, so as to make a “rectification of frontier” between Russia and Prussia, which a reference to the map will show to be at present very awkward. In return for this, Prussia was to become the head of a United Germany, under some plan which was to overthrow Austrian lead. Italy was to have Venice, and perhaps, if Austria should fight, and an Italian army be required, Rome also. Of course this plan was overthrown by the reality of a Polish insurrection, which, not content with administrative reforms, or with the fulfilment of the engagements of 1815,—guaranteeing them a congress, the old duchy of Warsaw, &c., under Russian sovereignty,—demands Poland as it was before the partition of 1772,—a powerful and independent nation, shutting up Russia in the far East, and greatly crippling its power in Europe, but still leaving it thirty-five millions of population, and room for much more. The Poland for which the insurgents are in arms would take in Posen from Prussia, Galicia from Austria, the duchy of Poland from Russia, as well as Lithuania, Podolia, and other provinces. Austria, it seems, is really willing to give Galicia to a Poland powerful enough to control Russia. The *dramatis personæ* in this European play may be briefly sketched in their relative positions and interests as follows.

FRANCE,—i. e. Louis Napoleon,—obliged to do something to amuse the people, to satisfy their passion for *la gloire*, and to employ the army; obliged to seem to be helping liberty, yet mortally afraid of the results of giving real freedom; driven, therefore, in this case, to talk about Polish nationality, yet knowing that a really strong and free Poland would produce a change in Europe which would overthrow any chance for his dynasty,—just as he talked about a free Italy, and then kept his troops in Rome, the Austrian in Venice, and tried to get the centre for his cousin and to leave the Bourbon in possession of Naples, and as he, in Germany, makes his tool Bismarck stimulate the king of Prussia to crush out the last vestige of

liberty. PRUSSIA, desiring to be Germany, and to rule over a contented and enslaved people by the grace of God. RUSSIA, desperately impoverished by the Crimean war, and passing through the throes of emancipation,—an act rendered necessary by that war, which showed Russia that the time when a great power could exist in Europe without freedom, civilization, and commerce was gone,—anxious to conciliate and amalgamate the Poles, but unable to crush their superior nationalism under the infirm Muscovite race. AUSTRIA, struggling for bare life; composed of different nationalities which she has always tried to rule by despotic force, or by treacherously setting them to cut each others' throats, but which she is now aiming to make into a sort of free amalgamated state, failing in which she sinks to a fourth-rate power,—Venice going to Italy, Galicia to Poland, and Hungary becoming free. ENGLAND, ruled by an aristocracy who hate and fear liberty,—ruled, that is, so far as its foreign policy is concerned, for the people are strong enough to control them on questions which they understand;—morbidly dreading a general European revolution, and vehemently adverse to any kind of war which shall come within three thousand miles of her islands. Among these the central figure is POLAND,—that land which, in the words of Guizot, “every nation has used, and none helped.” The Polish question has been made more complex by the predominance in their movement of the old aristocratic (Czartoriski) party. This party has never desired a strong, free Poland, but a small diplomacy-guaranteed Poland under Czartoriski as king. Made up chiefly of the wealthy land-owners, they fear the people more than the Russians, and are kept with the revolution only by having things their own way. They seek French aid rather than a native levy *en masse*, which they dread as a thing certain to stir up the radical democratic elements of Europe, in which their now covert treachery would become open.

If the whole Polish insurrection shall prove abortive, it will be because her true men, brave enough against Russia, have not been brave enough against this monarchical party amongst themselves. They have been led to appeal to Western crowns for aid in establishing what the majority of monarchs and the democratic masses were equally interested in not having estab-

lished, namely, a monarchical Poland under its ancient limits. But Poland as it was before 1772 was not as free a nation as Russia is now,— for the Czar, by emancipating the serfs, really has created a people about him. Before the Poles stood two powers to which they might appeal for help: the one represented by Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the democratic elements of Europe; the other, by the crowned heads of Western Europe and their armies. Had they demanded, in the name of Humanity, the freedom of their race, irrespective of ancient geographical limits, except so far as their independence required them, they would have called to their side their only real allies,— those who are similarly oppressed throughout Europe. But they snubbed Mazzini and Garibaldi to get the pity of Lord John Russell, the talk of Louis Napoleon, and a mass from the Pope.

Has the opportunity of Poland gone? The last hope of intervention in their behalf has faded: it is even doubtful whether a single government from which help was hoped would wish them that which would alone be a real success,— whilst the only power under any obligation to help them is too busy helping to establish slavery in Mexico to attend to the establishment of liberty in Poland. And yet, after the noble endurance and the splendid achievements of the Poles during the past two years, he must be a bold prophet who would foretell the annihilation of Poland. The winter is indeed upon them,— the winter, which is the symbol and ally of the icy power which binds them; but we know that throughout Europe there is a ceaseless power at work which is yet to burst forth into springtide. The recent appointment of Microslowski by the Polish national government, a radical republican, to be “organizer of the national forces abroad,” seems to indicate a weakening of the Czartoriski party, and the setting of the tide toward the government of the people; and if it is so, we may hail that appointment as the first snowdrop piercing the shroud of winter, announcing that the heart still throbs beneath, promising that the desolate lands of Europe shall yet break forth into joy.

The bomb hurled into St. Mark's at Venice during services in honor of Francis Joseph's last birthday; the increase of the

Austrian garrison at that city to over thirty thousand troops ; the reorganization of the Italian army by Victor Emanuel ; the general padlocking of editorial lips in France ; the opposition in Prussia of more than five deputies against the king to one for him, — are all indications that the liberal elements of Europe are feeling that the brave blow of Poland is the beginning of the end of all irresponsible power in Europe, and are preparing for their part in the final struggle. And meanwhile it really seems as if Fate were going about tying the hands of, or suspending hair-hung swords over, the nations which might repress a general uprising of the people. This leads us to consider in some detail, but as briefly as we can, the issues pressing upon Prussia, France, and Germany, which, though not now reduced to the decision of the sword, may be so reduced at any moment.

The old king of Prussia died of hardening of the brain ; the late king of Prussia died of softening of the brain ; the present king of Prussia is likely to die of no brain at all. Reigning more by sheer toleration than any monarch of Europe, he really imagines himself to be wearing his crown by Divine right, and claims a Divine authority. Scarcely more powerful than "weak, despised Lear," with wisps of straw on his head instead of a coronet, he defies his people, from whose wrath he is defended only by their being too strong and he too weak for them to fear him. With a singular unanimity, the people declare that they will not submit to a heavy taxation, the object of which, under the guise of having an army large enough to protect the exposed Prussian frontier, is, they know, only to forge fresh handcuffs for themselves in place of the present somewhat worn and weak ones. They evidently prefer the weak ones, and by a tremendous majority at the last elections intimated to the king that, if there was any change from them, it would be, not for stronger ones, but for none at all. The king of Prussia, then, can do nothing against a liberal uprising in Europe, simply because he has an army insufficient for more than defence, and his people will not let him raise a larger ; nay, the signs are that his own kingdom may, in such event, become the chief Northern centre of the liberal movement.

And now the Schleswig-Holstein question looms up before

Europe, perhaps the most immediately threatening of all. Schleswig is a very small state in the south of Denmark; but, if once the issue it holds is unsealed, there may be evolved from it, as from the small casket in the Arabian story, a genie great and powerful enough to disturb the repose of Europe for many years. The question is one of such imminent importance, that we will look into it with some minuteness.

Between Germany and Denmark come, first Holstein, and next above it Schleswig, two very small, but not unimportant states, which have for some centuries occupied a somewhat anomalous position. Holstein has such a predominance of German characteristics, in respect of both institutions and population, that Denmark has wisely conceded the right of the German Bund to interfere in its affairs and institutions. But Schleswig has a predominance of Danes and Danish institutions, and is, besides, in a commercial and military point of view, essential to the integrity of Denmark. Until within the last twenty or thirty years, the legal claim of Denmark to Schleswig does not seem to have been gravely disputed. The latest stipulation on the subject is an act dated 1721, called the "Act of Incorporation," in which the German and Danish governments were both represented, and by which undoubtedly Schleswig was freshly incorporated as a Danish crown land. But lately a party has arisen called the "Schleswig-Holsteiners," who maintain that the two duchies, Schleswig and Holstein, are by law one and inseparable, and that, conceding the law of federal execution in Holstein, Denmark has legally conceded the same right in Schleswig. This party has gone back just four centuries behind the celebrated Act of Incorporation, and fished up out of ancient archives an old paper, called the Valdemar Constitution, said to have been based upon a law enacted in the year 1326 by the old Danish King Valdemar, declaring that the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein "should remain forever together undivided." On these five words depend the whole claim of Germany to Schleswig. The words are part of a sentence, the whole of which is as follows: —

"These lands aforesaid we promise to do our best to keep in good peace, and that they shall remain forever together undivided. Therefore shall nobody feud upon the other, but each shall be content with what is right."

Now the Danes maintain that the "lands" here spoken of refer to certain ancient and large estates in both Schleswig and Holstein, and not to the duchies themselves. At the time of King Valdemar's enactment, and for some time thereafter, there was great contention about these estates, and none at all about the rights of Dane and German in the duchies. The word used in the portion of the sentence which the Schleswig-Holsteiners love to quote separately is (Low German) *ungedelt*, equivalent (High German) to *ungetheilt*, which would literally mean *undivided*, undistributed, unshared, and seems to refer to the lands which were not to be pieced out,—"nobody" being permitted "to feud upon the other"; whereas if the question of the divorce of one duchy from the other were under discussion,—a question which did not arise even for four centuries and a half afterward,—the word *ungescheiden* would have been used. No one would speak of a divorced man and wife as *getheilt*. But the position of Denmark does not rest upon this verbal criticism. It is certain that for centuries the words of the Valdemar Constitution were held by both parties as referring only to the internal government of the estates. Of this there is sufficient evidence in the fact, that in 1608 the Emperor Rudolf II. protested against some divisions of those estates as violating the Valdemar provisions, which it seems had been made the basis of further legislative acts in 1460, all referring to the estates. Thus there is little doubt that Denmark has history and law on her side; and as for the practical question involved, we have but to examine the map to see that the surrender of Schleswig grievously mutilates Denmark and cuts her off from her allies. Yet the Schleswig-Holstein party, very insignificant a few years back, has at length gained strength enough to obtain an order from the Government Bund for federal execution in Schleswig; an order which it really seems will be pressed, despite the warnings of Sweden, Denmark, and England that such a procedure will be met by their combined force. The death of the king of Denmark has brought the matter to a crisis. Should the Bund persist, it will employ the armies of all their states, and it would be impossible for France to keep out of such a war. That little Schleswig should be the means of precipitating a

European revolution, which such tremendous collisions as those in America and Poland have failed to do, reminds one of Colonel Ponsonby, who commanded a regiment at the battle of Waterloo, and was left on the field with twelve wounds, either of which, the surgeons said, would prove mortal, but who, ten years afterward, when telling the story, was killed by being choked with the merry-thought of a chicken. Yet, small as Schleswig is, it is the arena of a conflict between the freer institutions of Denmark and the hard and unenlightened monarchies of the Bund. Its conquest by the Bund is the destruction of Denmark, to add fresh bulwarks to the power of Prussia and Austria.

Turning now to France, we may here give it as our opinion, that the present consequence of Louis Napoleon in the politics of the world will, by the future historian, be quoted to prove the imbecility of this age and its frightful lack of great men. What must be thought of an age in which this bastard usurper was a great man? A coward, who, without ever having done a daring thing, tries to make great glory out of garroting weak nations when he is sure they have no protectors; a hater of liberty by instinct, whose only stroke that ever helped freedom was meant only to help himself; a wretched liar, who in the dirt of falsehood alone was able to crawl into Rome and into Mexico; a transparent gambler, whose successes are due, not to his own sagacity, but to the blindness of his antagonists; a tyrant of paste and tinsel, who holds down his people only by their own exhaustion of all manliness to the degree that makes a fetter of a feather;—his prominence is a stigma on the age. We have no purpose of tracing the life of this person, however, but only to consider the steps by which, in his mighty wisdom, he has brought himself to a position in which he can no longer be considered, what his chief ambition has hitherto seemed to be, “the jailer of Europe.” The history of his Mexican campaign is too fresh to need recapitulation. We all know how he formed an alliance with England and Spain to go to Mexico and obtain the payment of certain debts. We all know that in the most clear and unmistakable manner he declared to these his allies, and thrice to the American government, in reply to direct inquiries, that his expedition

had no purpose whatever of seizing any territory in Mexico, or of altering the government of that people. We all know that at this time the whole scheme of enthroning Maximilian in Mexico was completely made out. This was indeed treachery to his allies, and falsehood to the United States ; but its success was not the result of the treachery or falsehood, but of the sublime silliness of those public men, whether at London, Madrid, or Washington, who believed in the honor of a knave who never spoke in his public life but to lie, nor gave his hand but to betray.

Well, give a rogue enough rope and he will hang himself. God, at least, cannot be tricked. Louis Napoleon, by his conquest of Mexico, has drawn an elephant, which he must now take care of,—a dangerous beast if not watched, and with a frightful appetite for Napoleons. Moreover, he has disgusted his own and other nations. He has lost the bone of Paris for the shadow of Mexico. He has saddled his people with debt, and he has made a war with the United States almost inevitable,—a war which may not come on for some years even yet, but which he has discovered to be so certain that the expectation of it must hamper all his future movements. It is certain that France must keep a large standing army in Mexico, or else abandon it. Nay, France will probably have to keep a large moving army there, for she can hardly keep an army from eating its own head off, unless it can gain some of the cotton-fields of Texas and Louisiana.

We can understand that a good Christian should pray for the obliteration of all nationalities from the face of the earth ; but until this day of universal brotherhood arrives, there must be that *status* which is called the Balance of Power in Europe and the Monroe Doctrine in America. The Monroe doctrine — which it is important to remember is the position that no *European monarchy shall own any more of the North American continent than it does now* — is simply a demand necessary to the peace of America. Of course the seizure of any portion of that continent would imply that another portion might be seized : Louis Napoleon has as much right to seize all the States of the Union west of the Mississippi, as to seize Mexico ; and as they are quite as valuable as Mexico, it may

be reasonably supposed that he would seize them if he should ever find himself powerful enough. If Russia were to conquer and occupy France, England would attack her there, not because she cares particularly about France, but because she knows that Russia has just as much right, could she gather the power, to cross the Channel and seize her islands. Now, it is far easier for the United States to resist the effort of a government with institutions hostile to her own to gain a first foothold upon the North American continent, than to wait till it has got there, and then build forts and organize large standing armies to resist their further encroachment. The Monroe doctrine is, then, only the maxim *Obsta principiis* translated into a governmental policy ; and the alternative of not standing by it would be to turn the United States into a strongly military government, which would be much more threatening to the peace of the world than the protection of the weaker nations around her from *filibusters*, who, it may be remarked, are not indigenous to America. Louis Napoleon, owing to the civil war in America, has been able to violate this Monroe doctrine ; but he knows well that, if the United States succeed in subduing the Southern Rebellion, he will be expelled from Mexico ; nay, that unless the Confederacy recovers all it has lost west of the Mississippi River, though it should maintain itself east of it, he will be expelled. Whatever all this may bode for the United States, it is very plain that it ties the hands of the most malignant foe of freedom in Europe, so far as the oppressed nations of the Continent are concerned, even if it does not involve the loss of his own dynasty at home. If a spark of the love of liberty remains among the French people, this pinchbeck empire cannot survive another year. If the London Punch had not lost its soul of wit with Douglass Jerrold, or if the Charivari dared say what it thought, we might have had lately a cartoon representing Napoleon as the goddess Peace. One foot should be on the neck of Mexico, one on the neck of Cochin-China ; with one hand throttling Rome, and the other tight to the throat of Savoy,— and surrounded by a hundred Parisian editors and orators, each with a padlock on his lips,— he should be saying to the assembled nations, “ Brethren, come to my Congress, and let us dwell

together in peace!" But does he think we never read *Æsop*, and know nothing of wolves looking lamb-like, or foxes wooing geese in gentle strains? His Congress means nothing but to throw a tub to the shark which pursues him,—the French people which sympathizes with Poland, and will not have her abandoned. One can imagine of all tortures for that man the severest would be to have to go to war for the establishment of a free Poland, or any other free country in Europe. And we believe he will evade it until he is forced to it by his greatest fear, as Cavour forced him to interfere for Italy. Cavour laid before him the horns of the dilemma,—“Either help me to free Italy, or I will envelop Europe in the flames of a democratic revolution.” Napoleon took the alternative which promised the least liberty. Hitherto, under a promise of help from him, the Poles have complied with his request that they should not attack Galicia. But the signs are, that, as he has not fulfilled his promise, they will attack Galicia. This would be infallibly the signal for insurrection in Hungary and Venetia, and for the lighting up of a universal revolution; and the fear of this may make Napoleon declare war against Russia. He has, in times past, known these radicals and their power by personal contact, and may act accordingly; this is his one advantage over all other Old World rulers.

“A mad world, my masters!” exclaims Thomas Carlyle. Yes, but there is a vast deal of method in its madness. The record we have been making is a record of disintegration; but we must remember that the first work of every awakening germ of life is in disintegration. The life that is in any buried seed first shows itself in breaking the seed to pieces, and in tunnelling its way through the resisting sod. There is no more superficial maxim than that which we sometimes hear, that we ought not to try to do away with a thing, even though it be evil, until we have something better to put in its place. When John the Baptist went forth to lay the axe at the root of the tree of Judaism, he had not Christianity to put in its place, yet Christ was following close upon his heels with the new religion. When Luther attacked Tetzel’s sale of indulgences, he had no church to put in the place of the Church of Rome; but millions of hearts stood ready to crown his work.

You might as well say that the germ should not break its seed when the springtide comes until it has a full flower to put in its place ; the germ, having broken its seed-shell, and beaten down the sod under its feet, trusts itself to the powers of air and rain and light which stood ready to give it full shape and growth and fruit. Liberty is always the life-germ of Humanity, and its first sign of activity is always the destruction of the old forms, which no sooner cease to represent than they begin to confine it. Hence all these movements which we have traced need only be examined to be proved the separate waves of one great tide beating toward one shore, — LIBERTY. Vainly do the kings and powers of the Old World plant their thrones on the shore, and command the waves to return, or seek to lash them back ; farther and farther they must recede, until their thrones shall be submerged. It is to be observed, that, with the exception of the Schleswig-Holstein, all the movements are, in the last analysis, against established orders of things in the Eastern hemisphere ; so that it is there an axiom that revolutionists are always right. But that axiom is only relatively true ; it is true only because the established governments are oppressive. In a perfect government, and one organized for freedom, revolution would be the highest crime. Revolution in itself, and apart from the character of the principle for which it strikes, is simply the inauguration of bloodshed. An organized band of robbers is revolutionary, just as much as the Poles ; the difference is, that one is for a bad, the other for a good object. Revolution, if not for better laws, is mere lawlessness.

This brings us to consider the contest now going on in our own country. For almost the first time in history we see a revolution going on where the revolutionists are striving for the cause of oppression and injustice, and the established government for liberty and equality. When Earl Russell was asked in the House of Lords why England, which had so often interfered in behalf of peoples seeking their independence, should not now interfere in behalf of the South, he nobly responded that, "when England had interfered in such conflicts, it had always been in the interest of human liberty, and he trusted she would not now begin to mar that record." That answer

rested upon a strange and new fact ; and its analysis would reveal the entire difference between the mission and destiny of the Old World and the New. Let us analyze this more closely.

The French have summed up all progress in their watch-word, **LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.** First comes **LIBERTY**, which is almost another name for life itself. This the mole burrowing the sod and Garibaldi clearing the path of new empires equally seek. A man must be free to fill out the outlines of his own being, else he does not, in the highest sense, really exist at all. But independence ending merely in itself is worthless, as would be the blade of corn which, having been liberated from the sod, should go no farther toward bearing its ear.

Or independence may be directed to evil as well as good purposes, since every brigand is independent. Hence it is the law of health that liberty should flower into that which is higher than itself,—namely, **EQUALITY**. Or rather, to use a botanical figure, as the blossom is only a more developed form of leaf, equality is the higher form of liberty. For unless it rise to equality, liberty is an abortion, or worse ; it being found that one man cannot be truly free unless others have their freedom also. And though as yet an abstract truth, it is an equally certain one, that **Fraternity** is but the ultimate form of this same **Liberty**, even as the botanists show us that the fruit is a yet higher form of the green leaf. That is, it shall be found that, as men are so interwoven that the enslavement of one impairs and endangers the liberty of another, so no one can, alone and without sympathy, develop his full nature, which, after all, is the only real freedom. It needs all to make each. “One man,” says the proverb, “is no man.” Man must not only be liberated from the domination of other men, but from his own weaknesses, to be truly free. To give where he is strong, that he may receive where he is weak, frees him from the gratings of his own limitations. And this is **FRATERNITY**,—the fruit in which liberty must culminate.

Now, as we have seen, the Old World is on the first rung of this ladder. It is still in the thick of the battle for mere liberty ; and hence every heroic virtue in the Old World clusters about liberty. But on that new page of the world which God has turned—America—it is not so. Our nation began at a

point which the Old World has not yet reached. Its very preface was liberty. When its Declaration of Independence was signed, the battles of the New World for liberty were closed forever. There is no difference between any two men on that continent about liberty: all love liberty. There is not a slave-driver in the South who does not desire liberty — *for himself and his class*. The South is fighting for liberty as much as the North,— the one for liberty to bind its slaves, the other for liberty to be just. Thus the war raging in America must be referred to a higher plane. It is a war for EQUALITY. It is a war which is to decide whether the liberty which one race finds good for itself shall be impartially given to all, of whatever race.

In the day that is approaching, each must take his part to the right or the left. Well will it be for him who recognizes, under all forms, the great march of human destiny,— for him who, whether with armies which defend or armies which assail governments, can recognize where is beating that one heart of humanity whose pulses are supplied from the heart of God, whose laws it infallibly executes. For the end is not yet. These battles for liberty will but deliver the Old World to the battles for equality. When this strong wind which rends the mountain of despotism has passed, the fires of justice must be kindled for all thrones and castes which preserve unreal distinctions; and then there shall be no more wars, but after the strong wind and the fire shall come the still, small voice to lead Liberty and Equality to their full realization and glory in Human Fraternity.

ART. III.—JOHN WINTHROP IN ENGLAND.

Life and Letters of JOHN WINTHROP, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company at their Emigration to New England, 1630. By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

THE present time is one peculiarly fitted for the appearance of such a book as this. From all sides we hear unwilling testimonies to the great influence which New England is exercising upon national affairs. It is confessed that principles and ideas which have long given a tone to thought and action here, are now extending their influence throughout the North. A few foolish orators and writers have sought to embrace these peculiarities in the term Puritan, and the leaders of the Rebels have antithetically termed themselves Cavaliers. The antagonistic terms have lost their original signification; but without discussing the point, we have to deal with the idea intended. It is undeniable that our forefathers did fix an indelible mark upon the customs, morals, and modes of thought of the community which they established. There were many diversities of opinion among the first settlers, there have been many outbreaks from their rules among their descendants, but the type which they established remains.

It is a useful task, therefore, to learn all that remains concerning these early colonists. We desire to know of their social position in England, in so far as that aided or checked the formation of their character. We wish to learn their hopes and expectations when they conceived their perilous enterprise. We are inquisitive as to their principles, to find if they were the result of patient and devout consideration. In this Life of John Winthrop we find a solution of all these questions. Being the foremost of the settlers of Massachusetts, the man upon whose emigration the welfare of the plantation depended, the historian of the settlement, and the most prominent actor in our early history, one would imagine that we were already in possession of all the facts necessary to an understanding of his character. It has been reserved to the pious care of an honored descendant to convince us of our mistake, by furnishing us with the materials to rewrite the history and revise our

judgment of our Governor. The book contains that record of his early life which was so necessary to our comprehension of his character as a Puritan.

We shall not attempt a synopsis of the new light here thrown upon the history of the family. It is sufficient to begin with Adam Winthrop, born at Lavenham in Suffolk in 1498, who went to London, joined the guild of Clothworkers, attained the rank of Master of the Company in 1551, amassed, no doubt, a sufficient fortune, and purchased, in 1544, the manor of Grotton, where he lived and died. His son Adam inherited the property, lived for the most part on his estate, as behooved a country gentleman, acting at times as a lawyer as well as magistrate, preserving his taste for literature, and occasionally trying his powers of versification. His manuscript diaries prove that he was possessed of a taste for antiquities also, that he had a widely-spread circle of relatives and friends, and that his family relations were most pleasant.

John Winthrop, his only son, was born at Edwardston, 12th January, 1587. Of the first dozen years of his life we get glimpses in the notes which his father made, and after that date we have his autobiography. As he says, in regard to his education he had no temptation to scorn religion. His father, though not apparently over rigid, was evidently a good and sincere member of the Church, as his letters indicate. He was the brother-in-law of Bishop Still, and an Auditor of Trinity College, Cambridge; his son John, therefore, must, as a matter of course, be well instructed in his youth, and promptly sent to the University. So we find that in 1602 John Winthrop was admitted into Trinity, where he remained about two years, leaving then on account of sickness. In April, 1605, he married Mary Forth, who died in 1615. In the latter year he married Thomasine Clopton, who died in a year, and in 1618 he married Margaret Tyndal.

Had Winthrop never attained a position as a leader here, we should have read this biography with great interest. It is a leaf from the past which we would not willingly have missed, so full in detail and so pleasant in its features is the domestic life here revealed. We see Winthrop as he appeared to his friends and neighbors. As a magistrate and landlord, as a

lawyer, as a country gentleman well born and well connected, he was a man of mark in his county. He becomes the friend of the prominent men in his neighborhood, he rears a large family, he maintains his position with success. But we who are privileged to look behind the scenes see things which were hidden from the public view. We see that his whole life was influenced by principles which his friends derided; that he went through a succession of mental struggles unknown to them; and that his departure from England was but the outward manifestation of the completion of the work of years.

We will now revert to his autobiography, to see what mental processes he had undergone, to learn wherein he differed from the surrounding country-gentlemen, to mark if possible the steps which made him a Puritan. In his youth, he says, with the usual exaggeration of the writers of his day and sect:—

“I was very lewdly disposed, inclining unto and attempting (as far as my heart enabled me) all kinds of wickedness except swearing and scorning religion, which I had no temptation unto in regard of my education. About fourteen years of age, being in Cambridge, I fell into a lingering fever, which took away the comforts of my life; for, being there neglected and despised, I went up and down mourning with myself; and, being deprived of my youthful joys, I betook myself to God, whom I did believe to be very good and merciful, and would welcome any that would come to him, especially such a young soul, and so well qualified as I took myself to be, so as I took pleasure in drawing near to him.”

“About eighteen years of age, being a man in stature and understanding, as my parents conceived me, I married into a family under Mr. Culverwell his ministry in Essex.”

This seems to have been the turning-point when his devotion, already established by his early training, became intensified. He “could no longer dally with religion,” he says; his “chief delight was in God and his wayes.” He “loved a Christian, and the very ground he went upon”; “he honoured a faithful minister in his heart, and could have kissed his feet.” He grew full of zeal; he “had an insatiable thirst after the word of God, and could not misse a good sermon, though many miles off, especially of such as did search deep into the conscience.”

Without intending any imputation upon any sect, is not this a picture of what always has been the effect of the stricter forms of Protestantism upon eager intellects? Some chance spark kindles a quick flame, it increases and pervades the whole soul. The new convert burns with zeal. He esteems nothing of importance except the new tidings. Too often, as Winthrop says, "his zeal outruns his knowledge and carries him beyond his calling." The reaction commences and the difficulty of daily practice is seen. Formerly the enthusiasts, flying from the temptations of the world, attempted to maintain their faith unaltered, but a far more difficult task is to subdue without extinguishing the flame. A few find the golden mean, and sanctify their daily life. More alternate from indifference to repentance, or seek refuge in a severe fatalism. How fared it with Winthrop? His experience is here revealed. Under date of 1606 he writes that "worldly cares, though not in any grosse manner outwardly, but secretly, brought him to weary of good workes." At sermon, he but let in a thought of his journey to Essex, and he fell into sins of thought, so that he could hardly recover himself. He then makes a covenant to reform himself; yet in a few years he writes that, by want of diligence, he lost the former freshness of his affections, and that by his exertions he could recover them but in part. Sickness producing reflection, he decides to abandon things in which he had delighted, as new inventions, shooting, card-playing, and indulgence in food. This much probably as penance; but in 1613 he makes resolves evincing a more healthy state of mind. He resolves to practise economy, to attend to regular devotions, to attend to the good education of his children.

He was far, however, from having reached the greatest elevation of Christian character; he grew, he says,

"to be of some note for religion (which did not a little puff me up), and divers would come to me for advice in cases of conscience; and if I heard of any that were in trouble of mind, I usually went to comfort them; so that, upon the bent of my spirit this way, and the success of my endeavors, I gave myself to the study of divinity, and intended to enter into the ministry if my friends had not diverted me."

Here, again, we see a not unusual phase of Christianity now-a-days,— the belief that by the enforced practice of the

duties of religion peace of mind may be secured, and the conviction of the possession of especial talents for the work combine to draw the convert into the ranks of the ministry. But not for all is such a portion of God's work reserved. Winthrop might have attained a high rank as a preacher, but it was not the duty allotted him. A more difficult, and, as we regard it, a more important task, lay before him.

When he was about thirty years of age, when his mind had passed through the different stages of ecstasy, doubt, almost despair, and incomplete awakening, his duties as a Christian were more clearly revealed to his mind. He was afflicted sorely, he writes ; he saw the weakness of his gifts and parts, he knew that he was worthy of nothing ; he could only weep to think of free mercy to such a vile wretch. In his own words : —

“ I did not long continue in this estate ; but the good Spirit of the Lord breathed upon my soule, and said I should live. Then every promise I thought upon held forth Christ unto mee, saying, ‘ I am thy salvation.’ Now could my soule close with Christ, and rest there with sweet content, so ravished with his love, as I desired nothing, nor feared any thing, but was filled with joy unspeakable and glorious, and with a spirit of adoption. Not that I could pray with more fervency or more enlargement of heart than sometimes before ; but I could now cry, ‘ My Father ! ’ with more confidence.”

From this time onward he is treading on sure ground. Occasionally he finds his interest growing less. He “ was wont to be much disquieted with fear of reproach, and of an ill name with the most where he lived, so that he was drawn by such foolish respects to do or leave undone many things to the wounding of his conscience.” Still, even in his private diary the tone of his confessions grows more and more confident, and the certainty of his conversion seems clearer to him.

The entire autobiography is most worthy of attentive perusal ; it is a document of which any brief analysis must be unsatisfactory ; but we think our synopsis not unfair. No doubt much of it will appear fantastic, but to the writer all was but too real. Happily the cares of family, and the gentle companionship of a devoted wife, kept him from sinking into the melancholy state of a religious valetudinarian.

It is evident that in his third wife, Margaret Tyndal, Winthrop found his fitting companion. We read in his letters before his marriage, not idle compliments and dreams of prosperity, but a clearly stated argument that they were to choose a union of souls. He says that, he "being in her account a servant of God, and one that she might well hope to be furthered to Heaven by, and being offered unto her by God, he could not see how she could have had peace in her own heart if she had refused him." In such a sober spirit were Puritan marriages conceived. His first pastor, Ezekiel Culverwell, writes him on the occasion, "Thus much certify your sweet-natured and modest wyfe (as I conceive) for her comfort, that as neere as I can guess, I will be with her at her need." And again, "The occasions of my love being now increased, no reason my love should be abated. I am now bound with a double bond, one to you, another to your wife. . . . The Lord every way prosper your marriage."

We have many of his letters to his wife, all animated with affection and with the consciousness that she fully shared his religious views. Thus he writes, in 1622:—

"Albeit I am now cominge towards thee, yet that thou mayest knowe that I am allwayes mindfull of thee, I would take every opportunitye of confirminge thy good assurance of it."

In 1623 he praises God for his mercy to him,—

"as also in respect of the manifestation of the constancy and increase of thy true love, wherein (I seriously confess) I do more rejoice than in any earthly blessing. O, how I prize the sweet society of so modest and faithful a spouse!"

In all his letters he expresses the desire he has to be with her; he writes every particular of his life,— his successes and reverses, his strength and illness,— with a full assurance that these are matters of the highest importance in her eyes. Her replies, though less devoted to matters of conscience, are in full accordance. We will quote but one, dated 1627:—

"My good husband, your love for me doth daily give me cause of comfort, and doth much increase my love to you, for love liveth by love. I am ashamed and grieved with myself that I have nothing within or without worthy of thee, and yet it pleaseth thee to except of

both and to rest contented. I had need to amend my life and pray to God for more grace, that I may not deceive you of those good hopes which you have of me,—a sinfull woman, full of infirmities, continually failing of what I desire and what I ought to perform to the Lord and thyself."

It is a matter of history that in August, 1629, Winthrop signed the agreement by which he bound himself to come to New England. Up to this time, his life had been prosperous chiefly. His children had grown up ; his son John had been well educated, had served in the expedition to Rochelle, had travelled as far as Constantinople, and had proved a comfort and support to him. He had himself held an office as attorney in the Court of Wards and Liveries which gave him occupation and position, and as a lawyer he had been consulted by noted members of Parliament. His estate was somewhat encumbered by the cost of establishing his children, but he might well expect to be reimbursed. Certainly there was nothing in his outward circumstances to cause him to forsake his country, and to become the pioneer of a desperate undertaking.

That he was moved to do this by a conviction that the land was becoming unfit for devout men is clear. The case is well put by Ball in his "Power of Godliness."

"It is thus grown both in the University and in the Country, Town and City, that whoso feareth an Oath, or is an ordinary resorter to Sermons, earnest against excess, riot, popery, or any disorder, he is called a Puritan ! This odious name was first brought up by the Papists, of purpose to make our Religion odious, as it were dissolved and divided into I know not what sects and schisms ; but it now serveth for a colour in every Papist's and Atheist's mouth to raile at Religion and honesty underneath the name of Puritanisme."

We can well understand why Winthrop and men of his stamp, unable to foresee the end, lost hope, and saw their only safety in expatriation. In the General Considerations, here printed, for justifying the undertaking, Winthrop writes :—

"Our sins, for which the Lord begins already to frown upon us and to cut us short, do threaten evil times to be coming upon us ; . . . this land grows weary of her inhabitants, so as man, who is the most precious of all creatures, is here more vile and base than the earth we tread upon. . . . The fountains of Learning and Religion are so cor-

rupted as most children, even the best wits and of the fairest hopes, are perverted, corrupted, and utterly overthrown by the multitude of evil examples."

With such general reasons for removal, Winthrop had special considerations. His son John had already debated the propriety of going. Henry had established himself for a time in another colony; his private fortune was somewhat impaired, his chance of success obscured so long as he remained a Puritan. Yet these things might not have caused him to volunteer, but it was some sudden, urgent thought which decided him.

In June, 1629, he wrote to his wife that he had lost his place, and in his next letter adds: "Where we shall spend the rest of our short time I know not." At the end of July he went with Downing to visit Isaac Johnson, and a month later he signs the agreement.

Without authentic information we may almost create the events of that month from the remaining papers. The Colony had been chartered in 1628; Endicott had established the settlement, and the work was commenced. It did not prosper; the government was in the hands of the Company in England; there was no life as yet infused into it. It was clearly the opinion of Winthrop and his friends, that, if successful, it would afford a shelter for devout Christians; nay, more, that it was perhaps ordained to be a refuge for those whom God would preserve from the calamity which threatened England. It even seemed "likely He hath some great work in hand which He hath revealed to his prophets among us, whom he hath stirred up to encourage his servants to this plantation." We can imagine the company met at Isaac Johnson's house as having reached this point of the argument; one step only remained. Let these men of wealth and influence themselves agree to go; let them take the Charter with them, and plant themselves three thousand miles away from England, and the Colony is established forever. We can imagine Winthrop drafting and reading his eighth resolution.

"If any such as are known to be Godly and live in wealth and prosperity here shall forsake all this, to join themselves with this Church and to run a hazard with them of a hard and mean condition, it will be

an example of great use both for removing the scandal of worldly and sinister respects which is cast upon the Adventurers ; to give more life to the faith of God's people, in their prayers for the Plantation ; and to encourage others to join the more willingly in it."

The conclusion was inevitable ; the man who wrote these words was the one to give them a meaning. He became at once the leader, and solved the difficulty by accepting the post. As he writes of the Particular Considerations in the case of J. W. : " It is come to that issue as (in all probabilitye) the welfare of the Plantation dependes upon his goeinge, for divers of the Chief Undertakers (upon whom the reste depende) will not goe without him."

The rest of the story is short. On the 20th of October he was chosen Governor, and by the middle of March, 1630, he was on board ship carrying with him the fortunes of New England. Of the acts of Governor Winthrop here, we need not now write. Hutchinson thus describes him : —

" His death caused a general grief throughout the Colony. He spent his estate and his bodily strength in the publick service, altho' he was remarkable for his temperance, frugality, and economy. His virtues were many, his errors few, and yet he could not escape calumny and detraction, which would sometimes make too great an impression upon him. He was of a more catholic spirit than some of his brethren before he left England, but afterwards he grew more contracted and was disposed to lay too great stress upon indifferent matters."

Perhaps this greater severity may be the result of the influence of his clerical associates, or even of his own convictions of the necessities of the commonwealth. At all events, that picture of his private life on which our memory most delights to dwell is the one contained in this volume.

It must be remembered that this enterprise, of which Winthrop was the main-spring, differed essentially from that of the Plymouth settlers. The leaders were, like him, men of influence, rank, and reputation. Their knowledge of the laws and social relations of England enabled them to establish their laws on a sound basis. In many respects they improved upon their models ; and it is difficult to see where they failed in any respect to do justice to the most advanced opinions of their age. The great body of the colonists, nominally a trifle below

these leaders in social position, were still the best portion of the English nation. What their rulers were sagacious enough to propose, they were wise enough to appreciate and accept.

We rise from the perusal of this volume with a renewed confidence that no blind chance led to the establishment on this continent of such a colony. The one homogeneous portion of the United States, the only portion which can claim to be thoroughly English, New England has been the life and soul of the Union. Even as the English language has become our national tongue, so English ideas of justice and morality, as inculcated by our fathers, must hereafter animate and control our nation.

We have to thank the editor, the honorable Robert C. Winthrop, for the care he has manifested in preparing this book. In other hands these manuscripts might have mouldered for another century, or have struggled into life in distorted and unconnected form. With reverent care he has selected and arranged these records, has annotated such passages as required explanation, and has interwoven all in a connected narrative. He has made a Life of his distinguished ancestor which will remain as an authority and an exemplar to our historians. There remains for him only to complete the task he alone seems competent to undertake, and to give us the Life of John Winthrop in New England.

ART. IV.—THE MORAL PROBLEM OF EDUCATION.

1. *Levana; or, The Doctrine of Education.* Translated from the German of RICHTER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.
2. *Helps to Education in the Homes of our Country.* By WARREN BURTON. Boston: Crosby and Nichols.
3. *Home Life: What it is, and what it needs.* By JOHN F. W. WARE. Boston: William V. Spencer.
4. *Moral Culture of Infancy and Kindergarten Guide.* By MRS. MANN and E. P. PEABODY. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

WE bring these titles together, not to give any detailed criticism of the books, whose characteristic merits are already well known, but because they illustrate, each in its way, the everlasting freshness and novelty of a topic which might seem to have been exhausted as long ago as Socrates, or the Hebrew Proverbs. In Plato's little dialogue of "Lysis," in the Letters of Cicero, and in Milton's "Tractate," we get hints which seem to show that the moral problem of education—a thing quite distinct from the mere training of boys to the duties and toils of manhood—has been treated as tenderly, as wisely, and by as able men, as we can hope to find it treated now. And yet, if there is any one thing upon which the present generation particularly plumes itself, it is, we suppose, the discovery of methods which are entirely to surpass and supersede those of past days. We may well be modest of our own discoveries, when we remember what have been the growths of older times and forgotten ways. Yet if our own work is to be as effectual, it must grow, as those did, out of our own fresh view of the circumstances and our own feeling of the need. And so we welcome cordially all such help, sincerely offered, as we find in these little, but timely and precious and well-freighted books.

As practical guides to the matter they treat of, we hardly know which to dispense with or which to prefer. The careful teacher or the conscientious parent will prize and need them all. Yet with a difference, too. In Richter's playful way, of setting the reader first of all to think for himself, and so do the work of education almost without method, but with a certain glad and lavish freedom, one is sometimes puzzled and doubtful

what real advice is meant to be given. Mr. Burton is much more literal and distinct; keeps conscience and deliberate purpose foremost in his thought; and suggests a hundred ways in detail of correcting the actual mistakes and mischiefs which his intimate knowledge of New England life has seen to be prevalent. We, too, do not believe in overmuch strictness of method in these things; but then the danger certainly lies another way. And as a book of genuine, brief, practical, and real hints, we believe that many a perplexed instructor will find it a treasure and a help. Mr. Ware's little volume has grown, in a very genuine way, from the observations, wants, and cares of a twenty years' professional experience, and is peculiarly adapted, in form and style, to the cases it is designed to meet. In particular, we find in it the better hopes, ideas, and motives of the religious life, combined with a frankness of counsel and a practical good sense such as would do credit to a purely "secularist" exposition of common morals and every-day economies. And for that tender and delicate culture which, in its pretty German phrase, calls the childish mind a "garden," and under all sweet and wholesome influences would develop all that by nature is lovely and fair therein, one will hardly find a better practical guide, or a more instructive gathering-up of illustrations, than has been given by the two experienced teachers and accomplished ladies whose pleasant manual closes our list.

The testimony of the last witness may be as important as any to complete the case. And so the last word of genuine experience may be as much needed as any, in the task which is perhaps the most universal of all, and the least understood. Every case of moral training is a study of itself, as much as every case of bodily ailment. The youngest child of a large family may require a method quite different from all the rest, — a quality of gentleness, or firmness, or discretion, to which all the training of the elder affords no clew. Two teachers in any department of science, two parents from any neighborhood, two friends who have been led in any way to reflect upon it, can hardly come together, but that perpetual, unsolved, ever-shifting problem comes up. Or let a new book of genius and insight be announced to-morrow, on any one of the topics

so well treated in these four, each page of it would bear the mark of a survey as careful and fresh as if the field had never been explored before.

It was told, a little while ago, as a curious illustrative fact, that of Herbert Spencer's Essays on Education two hundred copies only had found purchasers in England, while in the same time six thousand had been circulated in America. This, too, at a time when the general mind here was supposed to be possessed with civil fury, and driving straight to barbarism. There is, in fact, one aspect of the question which makes it, in no vain sense, an American one,—an aspect which Mr. Burton has fitly recognized in his title-page. We have staked our public destinies, as no other nation ever did, on our confidence in the capacity of all men to share in civil trusts, and on the amount of education they get in political affairs. With a generosity—or else a courageous and even reckless policy—which there is nothing in history to match, every privilege and ambition of citizenship, with the one exception of the highest executive office, is open on very short probation to foreigners of almost every land or blood. A degree of capacity for such things is taken for granted, which could not possibly be developed, unless by that most skilful and rapid political education which comes in the very working of our machinery of state. What, in fact, is that Presidential campaign on which we are just going to enter, under conditions so new and strange, but a vast popular improvised University, in which the main branches taught are our political history, rights, and duties? Under the strongest impulses of ambition, or party spirit, or moral conviction, millions of men, spread over enormous territory, are engaged at once for six months together in the intense study of those topics of chief interest to the state,—the very topics which philosophers have always held to be the most expanding, exacting, improving to the intellect, the most enlarging to the moral sympathies. "Providence," it has been said, "has mercifully and wisely appointed Mammon as his viceroy to rule this country,—and a superb viceroy he makes." Our people will be kept from any very great blunder or any very flagrant crime, because the blunder or the crime will be so sure and so soon

to touch their pockets. But behind this material bulwark there is growing up a stronger and better one, in the higher life of the nation itself. And it is the building up and strengthening of this that we mean when we speak of education in the homes of our country. "For families are the nurseries and schools in which the successive generations of men are to be instructed," says the sober language of the liturgy. "Of a number of families united nations are composed, and of all of them together the whole community of mankind. And as these little seminaries are well tutored and governed, or neglected, kingdoms, nations, and the world are happy or miserable."

It is possible that the very grandeur of the scale on which we are in the habit of treating this subject, may blind us as to the real nature of the task to be done. The real nature of it is (as it were) sprung upon our minds by surprise,—first of all, perhaps, in the case of some one boy of ours, who is to be taken from the kindly bosom of home and sent to some school or college, some trade or line of business,—to camp or fleet it may be,—in which his mind will be tried by new tests, his character put to sharper proofs. It is in the vague anxiety, doubt, uncertainty, of that critical moment of his life, that for the first time the real purport and drift of our machinery of education occur,—that which before we thought of only in its main result, saw only in its flattering and broad outline. Precisely the most delicate, the most responsible, the most sacred part of all is that where all machineries and methods fail alike,—where soul meets face to face with soul. But though machineries and methods fail, inspirations and hints and sympathies and counsels of experience are never quite thrown away. It is these we value and want, even more than the perfection of those codes of routine and rule which we hire our professional teachers to carry into effect.

The first and last of the books upon our list are among the very few books upon education which can be cited, that distinctly put to account perhaps the very finest capacity which nature has put into the heart of a healthy child,—we mean, its marvellous capacity of enjoyment. What a harvest of it springs up under the mere ordinary sunlight of parentage and

affection ! and how soon — almost, it might seem, how deliberately and purposely — is it blighted and spoilt, under methods of training which we are happily getting fast to regard as barbarous ! We believe that the very best condition of a healthy and genial growth is that, for several of the opening years of life, the child should *enjoy as much as it possibly and innocently can*, — almost, we were going to say, irrespective of any other thing whatever. At least this is better than the contrast with which we are so often afflicted and amazed. To mope in loneliness, to pine in the unwholesome atmosphere of a crowded room, to be tormented by cruel and irksome restraints on the restless liberty which growing nature craves, seems to us no less than an injury and a crime. Why, what is it that we thus forbid the tender child ? It is the blaze of invigorating sunlight, the broad aspect of glorious mountain-ranges, the bracing and pure air of their retreat on the “ Evening hill ” that overlooks the sumptuous plain of Interlachen, that so works on the nervous system of even the brutish and deformed idiots of the Swiss valleys, and wakes them to the consciousness that they have a soul. That costliest medicine to heal the cruel blight of nature is made of the same cheap and lavish elements which we forget in our constrained and timid and in-door style of nurture. We content ourselves with the necessary, but coarse and imperfect substitute, in our school-rooms, and neglect that great illuminated garden of God given us to cultivate and keep. We are only beginning to learn — after the effort and the pride of a generation spent in attempting to perfect our school-processes — how small a part it is, after all, which can be done by courses of study and methods of drill, — how much there is which must be left to those two Divine ordinances, nature and the home.

But not wild nature, and not a heedless, ill-regulated home. Doubtless it would be pleasantest to the imagination to interfere as little as possible with the free unfolding of character ; not to check the kindly methods of that natural Providence which feeds the raven, and clothes the lily, and bestows strength and beauty on the creatures of the field ; to let the soul grow up, if it were possible, merely under the silent, unconscious influences of enveloping love and purity. But the pleasant the-

ory does not work, always, among our hard conditions. We have to meet positive influence for evil by counter-influence for good ; to check the budding of impatient passion ; to calm the wayward will ; to instil by long and patient training the habit of reverence, obedience, and love ; to make a matter of special conscientious nurture those dispositions which we fondly fancy native to the soul. In view of the critical time which will come presently, — the time when religion to be anything must be a personal reality to the conscience and heart, — the time when the immediate constraint of school or household discipline is taken off, and the soul becomes a law to itself, — it should be furnished beforehand with what will minister then to its moral strength and spiritual peace. There are maxims, counsels, axioms, of the higher life, on which (whether in practice violated or not) the mind should be accustomed to rest as above dispute : there is no reckoning the value or the power of such. There is a story of a young soldier in a campaign, — reckless, profane, dissolute, until a few weeks before his death, when he received as a gift from his mother the Testament from whose words he had been instructed long before. Desperately wounded in battle, he lay down to die ; and was found afterwards by his comrades, grasping still in death the precious book, in which he had marked with his blood the words, “Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” — words which were part of some childish lesson learnt years before.

One special aim of the class of books which we have now spoken of is to fill for the growing mind and heart a part of that great void which is necessarily left in all our plans of general culture, and to set a guard against a part of those evils which beset a vacant and inexperienced mind. It is not much that can be done in this way, except in co-operation with those personal and dear cares of the home itself which are the only true exposition and illustration of such counsels, which surround the growing mind with an atmosphere of tenderness and trust, and through the sacredness of human love win it to that which is heavenly and divine.

ART. V.—THACKERAY.

Roundabout Papers. By W. M. THACKERAY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

THE death of Thackeray has elicited from the press both of England and the United States a series of warm testimonials to the genius of the writer and the character of the man. The majority of them bear the marks of proceeding from personal friends or acquaintances, and the majority of them resent with special heat the imputation that the object of their eulogy was, in any respect, a cynic. A shrewd suspicion arises that such agreement in selecting the topic of defence indicates an uneasy consciousness of a similar agreement, in the reading public, as to the justice of the charge. If this were so, we should think the question was settled against the eulogists. As the inmost individuality of a man of genius inevitably escapes in his writings, and as the multitude of readers judge of him by the general impression his works have left on their minds, their intelligent verdict in regard to his real disposition and nature carries with it more authority than the testimony of his chance companions. Acres of evidence concerning the correct life and benevolent feelings of Smollett and Wieland can blind no discerning eye to the palpable fact that sensuality and misanthropy entered largely into the composition of the author of "Roderick Random," and that a profound disbelief in what commonly goes under the name of virtue, and a delight in toying with voluptuous images, characterized the historian of "Agathon." The world has little to do with the outward life a man of genius privately leads, in comparison with the inward life he universally diffuses; and an author who contrives to impress fair-minded readers that his mind is tainted with cynical views of man and society, can hardly pass as a genial lover of his race on the strength of certificates that he has performed individual acts of kindness and good-will. The question relates to the kind of influence he exercises on those he has never seen or known. What this influence is, in the case of Thackeray, we by no means think is expressed in so blunt and rough a term as "cynical," and those who use it must be aware that

it but coarsely conveys the notion they have of the individuality of the writer they seek to characterize. The word is as general as "wit" or "satirist" or "humorist" or "novelist." But clear perceptions often exist in persons who lack the power, or shirk the labor, of giving exact definitions; and among the readers of Thackeray who quietly take in the subtle essence of his personality, there is less disagreement in their impressions than in their statements. To give what seems to us a fair transcript of the general feeling respecting the writer and the man will be the object of the present paper.

And first, to exclude him at once from the class and company of the great masters of characterization, we must speak of his obvious limitations. He is reported to have said of himself, that he "had no head above his eyes"; and a man who has no head above his eyes is not an observer after the fashion of Shakespeare or Cervantes or Goethe or Scott or even of Fielding. The eye observes only what the mind, the heart, and the imagination can see; and sight must be reinforced by insight before souls can be discerned as well as manners, ideas as well as objects, realities and relations as well as appearances and accidental connections.

But, without taking an epigram of humorous self-depreciation as the statement of a fact, it is still plain that Thackeray was not a philosopher or a poet, in the sense in which a great novelist or dramatist possesses the qualities of either. He had no conception of causes and principles, no grasp of human nature as distinguished from the peculiarities of individuals, no perception of the invisible foundations of visible things, no strictly creative power. The world drifted before his eyes as his stories drift to their conclusion; and as to the meaning or purpose or law of the phenomenon, he neither knew nor sought to know. This peculiar scepticism, the result not of the exercise, but the absence, of philosophical thought, is characteristic of the "Bohemian" view of life; and among a certain class, whose ideal of wisdom is not so much to know as to be "knowing," this ignorant indifference to principles is one of Thackeray's chief claims to distinction. His philosophy is the vanity of all things, and the enjoyment of as many as you can. His superficiality in this respect is evident the moment we pass to

some dramatist or novelist who seizes the substance of human nature and human life, and represents things in their vital relations, instead of in the mechanical juxtaposition in which they "happen" to be observed. Shakespeare's plot, for example, is a combination of events ; Thackeray's story, a mere procession of incidents. Shakespeare knew woman as well as women, and created Cleopatra and Cordelia ; Thackeray sharply scrutinized a certain number of women, and fashioned Becky Sharp and Amelia. The gulf between the two writers, in respect to naturalness, to a knowledge of human nature, and to individual characterizations, is as wide as that which yawned between Lazarus and Dives. They never can be brought into the same class, without a flippant and heedless oversight of the distinction between kinds of genius, and of their different positions in the sliding-scale of minds.

Connected with this lack of high thought and imagination is a lack of great passions, and an absence of sympathy with them in life. They are outside of Thackeray's world. When he touches on them, it is with a fleer of incredulity : he has a suspicion of private theatricals ; he is curious to see the dressing for the part ; he keeps a bright look-out to detect the stage-strut in the hero's stride, and ironically encores the impassioned declamation. In nothing does he better succeed in taking the romance from life, than in this oversight of the reality of great passions in his quick penetration through all the masks of their imitators. He is so bent on stripping the king's robes from the limbs of the thief, that he has lost the sense of kingly natures. His world is, to a great extent, a world in which the grand and the noble are "left out in the cold," and the prominence given to the mean and the common. He takes the real heart and vitality out of mankind, calls the result of the process human nature, and adopts a theory of life which makes all history impossible, except the "History of Pendennis." An amusing illustration of this defect is observable in one of his "Roundabout Papers," written during the present war. He had travelled all over the United States with the sharpest eye that any tourist ever brought with him across the Atlantic ; but he saw nothing of the essential character of the people, and he could not for the life of him imagine, after

his return, why we went to war. While North and South were engaged in their fierce death-grapple, he had no perception of the ideas at stake, or the passions in operation. He took a kindly view of both parties in the contest. "How hospitable they were, those Southern men!" They gave him excellent claret in New Orleans. "Find me," he says, "speaking ill of such a country!" A Southern acquaintance sent him a case of Medoc, just as he was starting for a voyage up the Mississippi. "Where are you," he exclaims, "honest friends, who gave me of your kindness and your cheer? May I be considerably boiled, blown up, and snagged, if I speak hard words of you. May claret turn sour ere I do!" This may be geniality, but it is the geniality of indifference to great things. A nation in its death-throes,—one side passionately battling for the most gigantic of shams as well as iniquities,—the land flooded with blood; and the good-natured "delineator of human nature," utterly unable to account for the strange phenomena, is only sure that the Southerners cannot be so bad and wrong as they are represented, for did they not give him "that excellent light claret"?

Another defect of Thackeray, and the consequence of those we have mentioned, is the limitation of his range of observation and the comparative poverty of his materials. Because he confines himself to the delineation of actual life, he is sometimes absurdly considered to include it, when in fact he only includes a portion, and that a relatively small portion. A man may have a wide experience of the world without knowing experimentally much of Thackeray's world; and those whose knowledge of the world is chiefly confined to what they obtain from the novelists of manners and society soon learn that Thackeray's predecessors and Thackeray's contemporaries contain much which Thackeray overlooks. He is only one of a large number of observers, each with a special aptitude for some particular province of actual life, each repairing certain deficiencies of the others, and all combined falling short of the immense variety of the facts. In his own domain he is a master, but his mastery comes from his keen and original perception of what has been frequently observed before, rather than from his discovery of a new field of observation. After

generalizing the knowledge of life and the types of character we have obtained through his writings, we find they are not so much additions to our knowledge as verifications and revivals of it. The shape rather than the substance is what is new, and the superficiality of thought underlying the whole representation is often painfully evident. The maxims which may be deduced from the incidents and characters would make but an imperfect manual of practical wisdom.

We now come, by the method of exclusion, to the positive qualities of Thackeray, and to the direction and scope of his powers. Gifted originally with a joyous temperament, a vigorous understanding, a keen sensibility, and a decided though somewhat indolent self-reliance, he appears before he came before the world as a writer to have seen through most of the ordinary forms of human pretension, and to have had a considerable experience of human rascality. He lost a fortune in the process of learning the various vanities, follies, and artifices he afterwards exposed, and thus may be considered to have fairly earned the right to be their satirist. A man who has been deceived by a hypocrite or cheated by a rogue describes hypocrites and rogues from a sharper insight, and with a keener scorn, than a man who knows them only from the observation of their victims. Truisms brighten into truths, and hearsays into certainties, under the touch of such an artist. As a man's powers are determined in their direction by his materials,—as what he has seen, known, and assimilated becomes a part of his intellect and individuality,—Thackeray obeyed the mere instinct of his genius in becoming the delineator of manners and the satirist of shams. The artificial—sometimes as complicated with the natural, sometimes as entirely overlaying it, sometimes as almost extinguishing it—was the field where his powers could obtain their appropriate exercise. They had indeed grown into powers by the nutriment derived from it, and took to their game as the duck takes to the water. From the worst consequences of this perilous mental direction he was saved by his tenderness of heart, and his love and appreciation of simple, unpretending moral excellence. He never hardened into misanthropy or soured into cynicism. Much of his representation of life is necessarily ungenial, for it is the

representation of the selfish, the dissolute, the hard-hearted, and the worthless. Those who accuse him of cynicism for the manner in which he depicted these must expect a toleration after the fashion of the Regent Duke of Orleans, "who thought," says Macaulay, "that he and his fellow-creatures were Yahoos," but then he thought "the Yahoo was a very agreeable sort of animal." Thackeray's standard of human nature was not high, and his peculiar talent lay in delineating specimens of it lower than his own standard, but the wholesome impulses of his heart taught him when to use the lash and the scourge. The general impression his individuality leaves on the mind is not that of a cynic, but of a sceptic. He takes the world as he finds it; usually treats of it in a tone of good-natured banter; is pleased when he can praise, and often grieved when he is compelled to censure; touches lightly, but surely, on follies, and only kindles into wrath at obdurate selfishness or malignity; hardly thinks the world can be bettered; and dismisses it as something whose ultimate purpose it is impossible to explain. He records that portion which passes under his own microscopic vision, and leaves to others the task of reconciling the facts with accredited theories.

In his earliest works the satirist is predominant over the humorist. He adopted the almost universal policy of Englishmen who wish to attract public attention,—the policy of assault. Mr. Bull can only be roused into the admission of a writer's ability by feeling the smart of his whip on his hide. Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Carlyle, Kingsley, Ruskin, Thackeray, having something to say to him, began with shrieking out that he was a fool and a rogue; and, thus gaining his ear, proceeded to state their reasons for so injurious an opinion, with a plentiful mixture all the time of opprobrious epithets to prevent a relapse into insensibility. This system naturally tends to make authors exaggerate things out of their relations in order to give immediate effect to their special view, and the habit of indiscriminate assault frequently survives the necessity for its exercise. Thackeray appears at first to have considered that his business was to find fault; to carry into literature the functions of the detective police; to pry into the haunts, and arrest the persons, of scoundrels who evaded the ordinary op-

erations of the law. The most fashionable clubs and drawing-rooms were invaded to catch scamps whom a common policeman would have sought in low alleys and hells. The successful exposer found a saturnine enjoyment in the confusion and scandal which his ingenuity and pertinacity wrought among "respectable" people, and his taste for the sport was naturally increased by its indulgence, and his success in its prosecution. He contracted a morbid liking for tainted character, and his sharp glance and fine scent were exercised to discover the taint in characters generally sound and healthy. The latent weaknesses, foibles, follies, vices, of the intelligent and good became the objects of his search, somewhat to the exclusion of their nobler and predominant qualities, and the result was, in many instances, wofully partial estimates and exhibitions of men and women. The truth was truth only from the satirist's point of view.

But all these earlier works, "The Yellowplush Correspondence," "The Confessions of Fitz-Boodle," "The Luck of Barry Lyndon," "Men's Wives," "The Book of Snobs," not to mention others, have the one merit of being readable,—a merit which Thackeray never lost. The fascination they exert is altogether out of proportion to the commonness of their materials. The charm comes from the writer, and his mode of treatment. The wit and the humor, so "bitter-sweet"; the fine fancy and delicate observation; the eye for ludicrous situations; the richness, raciness, and occasional wildness of the comic vein; the subtlety of the unexpected strokes of pathos; the perfect obedience of the style to the mind it expresses; and the continual presence of the writer himself, making himself the companion of the reader,—gossiping, hinting, sneering, laughing, crying, as the narrative proceeds,—combine to produce an effect which nobody, to say the least, ever found dull. The grace, flexibility, and easy elegance of the style are especially notable. It is utterly without pretension, and partakes of the absolute sincerity of the writer; it is talk in print, seemingly as simple as the most familiar private chat, and as delicate in its felicities as the most elaborate composition.

In "Vanity Fair," the first novel which gave the author wide celebrity, we have all the qualities we have noticed cast

into the frame of a story, which has a more connected interest and a more elastic movement than its successors, though we cannot think that it equals some of them in general power of thought, observation, and characterization. The moral, if moral it have, is that the Amelias of the world, with all their simplicity and ignorance, will, in the long run, succeed better than the Becky Sharps, with all their evil knowledge and selfish acuteness. *Amelia* is evidently as much the favorite of the author's heart as *Becky* is of his brain, and he has expended nearly as much skill in the delineation of the one as of the other. The public, however, was prepared for the first, but the second took them by surprise. It was the most original female character of its kind that had appeared in contemporary fiction, and the raciness and never-faltering courage with which the character was developed, through all the phases of her career, seemed an insult to the sex. "Cynic!" cried the ladies. The truth, in this case, was the cause of offence. The Sharps wisely held their tongues, and left the denial of the possibility of such a woman to those who had happily never made her acquaintance. Thackeray had evidently seen her, and seen also the Marquis of Steyne. The latter represents a class of titled reprobates in England and on the Continent, whom other novelists have repeatedly attempted to domesticate in the domain of romance, but have failed from ignorance or exaggeration. The peculiarity of the Marquis is that a long life of habitual and various vice has spread a thick scurf over his soul, so that he has lost by degrees all consciousness of the existence of such an organ. Few felons have gone to the gallows or the gibbet with such an oblivion of the immortal part of them as this noble Marquis exhibits in going to his daily dissoluteness and depravity. The character is in some respects a horrible one, but it is probably true. Shakespeare makes *Emilia* wish that the "pernicious soul" of *Iago* "may rot half a grain a day"; and it would certainly seem that the soul may, by a course of systematic and cynical depravity, be completely covered up, if it may not be gradually consumed.

"The History of Pendennis" has more variety of character, and more minute analysis of feeling, than "*Vanity Fair*," but the story drifts and drags. Though *Mrs. Pendennis* and *Laura*

rank high among Thackeray's good women, his genius is specially seen in *Blanche Amory*, a most perfect and masterly exhibition of the union of selfishness and malice with sentimentality, resulting, as it seems to us, in a character more wicked and heartless than that of *Becky Sharp*. Major Pendennis and she carry off the honors of the book,—a book which, with all its wealth of wit, humor, and worldly knowledge, still leaves the saddest impression on the mind of all of Thackeray's works. It is enjoyed while we are engaged in reading its many-peopled pages; the separate scenes and incidents are full of matter; but it wants unity and purpose, and the wide information of the superficies of life it conveys is of the kind which depresses rather than exhilarates. The gloss is altogether taken both from literature and society, and the subtle scepticism of the author's view of life is destructive of those illusions which are beneficent, as well as of those delusions which are mischievous. There are certain habits, prejudices, opinions, and preconceptions, which, though they cannot stand the test of relentless analysis and searching criticism, are still bound up with virtues, and are at some periods of life the conditions both of action and good action. They should be unlearned by experience, if unlearned at all. To begin life with a theoretical disbelief in them, is to anticipate experience at the cost often of destroying ambition and weakening will. Thackeray in this novel gives a great deal of that sort of information which is not practically so good as the ignorance of enthusiasm and the error of faith. We assent as we read, and congratulate ourselves on being so much more knowing than our neighbors; but at the end we find that, while our eyes have been opened, the very sources of volition have been touched with paralysis.

“The History of Henry Esmond” is an attempt to look at the age of Queen Anne through the eyes of a contemporary, and to record the result of the inspection in the style of the period. It is, on the whole, successful. The diction of the book is exquisite; pleasant glimpses are given of the memorable men of the era,—literary, political, and military; and the languid pace with which the story rambles to its conclusion provokes just that tranquil interest with which Esmond himself

recalls in memory the incidents of his career. Both persons and scenes have the visionary grace and remoteness which objects take when seen through the thin and shining mist of recollection. Beatrix Esmond, the heroine, is another of Thackeray's studies in perverted feminine character, and is worthy of the delineator of Becky and Blanche. The picture of the old age of this pernicious beauty, given in "The Virginians," is equally skilful and true. The defect in the plot of "Henry Esmond" is obvious to every reader. Lady Castlewood, whom the author intends to represent as the ideal of a noble woman, loves the lover of her daughter, and is swayed by passions and placed in situations degrading to womanhood; while Esmond himself, put forward as a high-toned gentleman and chivalrous man of honor, is so demoralized by his passion for a jilt, that he enters into a conspiracy to overturn the government, and involve England in civil war, simply to please her, and with a profound disbelief in the cause for which he is to draw his sword. The atrocious villany of such conduct, from which a Marquis of Steyne would have recoiled, appears to Thackeray simply the weakness of a noble nature.

"The Newcomes" is perhaps the most genial of the author's works, and the one which best exhibits the maturity and the range of his powers. It seems written with a pen diamond-pointed, so glittering and incisive is its slightest touch. The leading idea is the necessary unhappiness of marriage without mutual love, no matter what other motive, selfish or generous, may prompt it; and the worldly view of the matter, as contrasted with the romantic, has never been combated with more unanswerable force than by this realist and man of the world. The practical argument loses none of its power by being given in instances, instead of declamations or syllogisms. The sincerity and conscientiousness of Thackeray's mind, and the absence in him of any pretension to emotions he does not feel and ideas he does not believe, are very marked in this book. He has the honesty of a clear-sighted and clear-headed witness on the stand, stating facts as they appear to him, and on the watch to escape being perjured by yielding to the impulses either of amiability or malice. In the versatile characterization of the work two inimitable personages stand out as

the best expression of Thackeray's heart, — Colonel Newcome and Madame de Florac. Ethel Newcome seems to us, on the whole, an ambitious failure, lacking the usual vitality of the author's feminine characters, and wrought out with set purpose against his grain to show that he could conceive and delineate "a young lady." It is hard for the reader to share Clive's passion for her, for she never arrives in the book to substantial personality. She brings to mind Adam, in the German play, who is represented as passing across the stage, "going to be created." Rosey Mackenzie has infinitely more life. Lady Kew is a good female counterpart of the Marquis of Steyne; Madame d'Ivry is Blanche Amory grown up; Mrs. Mackenzie is petty malice and selfishness personified; and all three are masterpieces in their several kinds. Indeed, the ingenious contrivances of human beings to torment each other were never better set forth than in these "Memoirs of a Respectable Family."

We have no space to do even partial justice to "The Virginians," "Lovel the Widower," and "The Adventures of Philip." Attractive as these are, they furnish no specially novel illustrations of Thackeray's powers, and exhibit no change in the point of view from which he surveyed life. Perhaps as he grew older there was a more obvious desire on his part to appear amiable. He celebrates the kindly virtues. He protests against being called a cynic; condescends to interrupt the course of his story to answer petulant criticisms petulantly; and relaxes somewhat from his manly and resolute tone. The struggle between his feelings and his obstinate intellectual habit of minutely inspecting defects, is obvious on his page. He likes good people, but cannot help indulging in a sly, mischievous cut at their faults, and then seems vexed that he yields to the temptation. His humility is often that of a person who tells his neighbor that he is a fool, and then adds, "but so are we all more or less"; the particular fool pointed out having a dim intuition that the rapid generalization at the end is intended rather to indicate the wisdom of the generalizer than his participation in the universal folly. A covert insult thus sometimes lurks under his ostentatious display of charity. And then in his jerks of geniality there is

something suspicious. He condescends ; he slaps on the back ; he patronizes in praising ; he is benevolent from pity ; and, with a light fleer or vanishing touch of sarcasm, he hints that it is a superior intelligence that is thus disporting in the levities of good-fellowship. We do not know that we have hit these peculiarities in words, but we think that the attentive readers of Thackeray can hardly miss our meaning.

One thing remains to be said regarding the collective impression left on the mind by Thackeray's works. That impression, sharply scrutinized, we will venture to say is this, that life as he represents it is life not worth the living. It is doubtless very entertaining to read about, and it is not without instruction ; but who would wish to go through the labor and vexation of leading it ? Who would desire to be any one of the characters, good or bad, depicted in it ? Who would consider its pleasures and rewards as any compensation for its struggles, disappointments, and disillusionments ? Who, if called upon to accept existence under its conditions, would not, on the whole, consider existence a bore or a burden, rather than a blessing ? This can, we think, be said of no other delineator of human life and human character of equal eminence ; and it points to that pervading scepticism in Thackeray's mind, which is felt by the reader as infused into the inmost substance of his works. Deficient in those qualities and beliefs which convey inspiration as well as information, which impart heat to the will as well as light to the intellect,—lacking the insight of principles and the experience of great passions and uplifting sentiments,—his representation even of the actual world excludes the grand forces which really animate and move it, and exalts common phases of life over those deeper elements which give to life earnestness, purpose, and glow.

ART. VI.—SMITH'S BIBLE DICTIONARY.

A Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL. D. In Three Volumes. Vols. II. and III. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1863. 8vo. pp. 1862. Appendix, pp. cxvi.

AN extended notice of the first volume of Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible was given about three years ago in the pages of this review.* Meanwhile the remaining and larger portion of the work has been completed; an Appendix of matters omitted in the first volume has been added; and we are now able to view it as a whole, and pronounce upon its value. To examine it in detail is, of course, impossible. To read even the principal articles carefully would require many weeks. To verify all the references would be difficult in any library on this side of the ocean. The test of such a work can only be long-continued use, and the consent of many qualified to give judgment in such a matter. We shall take the occasion here only to compare it briefly with what such a work ought to be to meet the needs and the wishes of those for whom it is made. We shall presume that it is intended for very wide and general use,—not for scholars only, but for the unerudite majority as well, who know no language but English, and have no time for scientific or critical investigations; that it is intended to be equal at once to the demand of the instructed, and to the occasions of the ordinary reader; that it is intended to be at once popular and learned.

First of all, such a Dictionary ought to be *free from any dogmatic bias*. It will be difficult, no doubt, in such a multitude of articles, to detect with perfect accuracy the prejudices that color the statements of fact; and it would be ungracious to refuse to writers so eminent as many whom Dr. Smith has employed the right of expressing their conclusions in their own way. Some minds are so constituted that they can never put aside their private opinion, in the treatment of whatever topic. The Canon of Westminster, and the Lord Bishop of

* See *Christian Examiner* for January, 1861, p. 140.

Gloucester and Bristol, must of necessity leave the sign of their creed upon whatever they write. Yet it seems undesirable that all their capacity as assistants in this service should be lost. Nevertheless, we hold to the opinion that it is better to lose the service of an Ellicott and a Wordsworth, and others of their class, than to have the intrusion of their prejudices in a work where we seek facts rather than opinions. In an essay on the "Miracles," like that of Bishop Fitzgerald in this work, there must of course be personal opinion, and we cannot rule out all the writer's preferences. But why, in an article upon "Nicodemus," should such a paragraph as this be inserted? "The conversation of Christ with Nicodemus is appointed as the Gospel for Trinity Sunday. . . . The instinct which guided this choice was a right one. For it is in this conversation alone that we see how our Lord himself met the difficulties of a thoughtful man; how he checked, without noticing, the self-assumption of a teacher; how he lifted the half-believing mind to the light of nobler truth." Such irrelevant passages are not infrequent in the volumes before us. Still more objectionable than this is the article "Saviour," by the Most Reverend William Thomson, Archbishop of York, which is only an elaborate and special plea for the orthodox doctrine of the Atonement.

A good Bible Dictionary, again, should *contain the latest results* of study and discovery in the subjects of which it treats. It should avail itself of all researches and all collateral learning,—whether of Christian or "infidel," of priest or layman. The geographical portions of Dr. Smith's work are satisfactory in this particular. Such contributors as Mr. Grove and Professor Hackett, whose initials frequently appear, (to mention no others,) have spared no pains to tell all that has been ascertained in the aspect or the history of the Sacred Land. The biographical articles add to the known facts that wealth of curious legend which tradition has accumulated. But we cannot say that in the notices of the several books of the Bible, their age, their authors, and their connection,—that which, in general, goes by the name "Introduction,"—the best scholarship has in all cases been brought into use. Sometimes, as in the discussion of the Second Epistle (so called) of Peter, the

array of authorities is large enough, but the writer has not allowed the authorities that he cites to have their due weight in the formation of his judgment. So, too, with the articles on the four Gospels, which, with the appearance of great candor, leave many things unsaid that might illustrate the subject and modify our judgment. The most faulty of all, however, in this respect, is that on the Pentateuch, by J. J. S. Peronne, the critical value of which may be judged by its conclusion that Moses is the author of all the books, Deuteronomy included. It is impossible that a fair use of the authorities cited could lead to any such conclusion. And it is significant that, in the list of recent English works on the subject, while the names of Rawlinson and McCaul are cited on the one side, the name of Colenso is wholly omitted, though three parts of his work were published before the appearance of these volumes. The article on the word "Prophet," too, by Rev. Frederic Meyrick, is very one-sided and defective,—in marked contrast with the article "Priest," a model treatise by one of the most admirable scholars among the contributors to the work, Mr. E. H. Plumptre, Professor of Divinity in King's College in London.

In the third place, a good Dictionary of the Bible *will not suppress any important fact*, from fear of the consequences to faith or to orthodoxy, or from motives of interest. Its only limit will be good sense and evident truth. There may be reserve in a commentary which is written in the interest of one or another opinion, but there ought to be no reserve in a dictionary of facts. Where there is argument, whether on a point of history or of exegesis, both sides will be fairly represented, and allowed to say the substance of all that they have to say. Especially should no articles be intrusted to *compromising* writers, men who are always trying to find some way of reconciling diversities, of making words mean more than they really do mean, of putting upon them non-natural senses, and of compelling facts to fit to formulas. The name of Mr. Maurice, fortunately, does not appear in the list of contributors to these volumes. But we find there the names of such men as Dean Alford and Mr. Hessey, whose productions always seem to say, "We would like to add more if we dared to,—if

it were only safe." It was a wise selection that gave the article on the Sabbath to Rev. Francis Garden, Dean of her Majesty's Chapels, rather than to Dr. Hessey, whose authority he quotes so often, and whose "specialty" it would seem to be. The Bampton Lecturer would have treated it in that hesitating, uncertain style which lessens so much the value of his learned volume; while in the Dictionary it is treated by a master, who, in reverence for the truth, fears not to say all his thought.

Again, a good Bible Dictionary *will give facts rather than fancies*, and avoid conjectures. We do not want the invention of the writers, however ingenious this may be, but only their knowledge. We do not want them to start trains of thought which they cannot pursue, or distinctly to suggest what they cannot sustain by adequate testimonies. Legends are well enough when they are stated as legends; but they are intrusive and out of place when they are allowed to borrow the marks of truth. There is a great temptation in personal histories, when very little is known about the man himself, to eke this out by fables which are often without the shadow of reason. Rabbinical lore may help to illustrate the Biblical narratives, but there is danger of a too free use of this. Mr. Plumptre has erred in this direction, as it seems to us, in his otherwise able article on the "Urim and Thummim." He has given such space and weight to the slight and wild conjectures of one and another writer, that the last result is confusion, and it is hard to tell from his account what the Urim and Thummim really were. Any illustration of subjects is bad, which weakens or dims our conception of the things themselves, which raises a mist, however beautiful, before our eyes. What use is there in mentioning the unsupported tradition that Nathanael was the bridegroom at the marriage in Cana? Of what good to a Protestant reader (and such will be the readers of these volumes) is all the mass of fantastic tradition and fable, of miracles and graces, attributed to the Virgin Mary? More than forty columns of this Dictionary are given to her whose authentic history could be written in less than forty lines; while Matthew and his Gospel have only ten columns, Mark and his Gospel only ten, Luke and his

Gospel only twelve. The whole four Gospels together have less attention than this legendary Virgin.

In the next place, a good Bible Dictionary *will have a just proportion in the treatment of its themes*, will not give undue attention to that which no one cares about, to the neglect or hasty treatment of subjects in which all are interested. It will be as concise as possible on topics where there is no dispute, and full enough to make all clear on topics which are largely debated. It will not spend force in illustrating a word which is used perhaps only once, and in some obscure part of the Bible. In Dr. Smith's Dictionary, this proportion between topics is, on the whole, fairly preserved. Yet we could cite many instances where it seems to us important themes are too slightly handled, and unimportant titles made too large in the treatment. Why waste so much learning upon the "Ligure," a stone of the high-priest's breastplate, only mentioned in the Exodus? Is the word "Meni," not found at all in our English version, and only a marginal reading of a verse in the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, entitled to more notice than the great subject "Man," to which scarcely more than a column is given, and that only philological? Should we expect to find Micaiah the son of Imlah engrossing nearly as much attention as Messiah the son of David and Son of God?

A complete Bible Dictionary *will omit nothing on which information can be sought or given*. If a topic is omitted, it should be the evidence that nothing can be said upon it, and that it stands wholly as a name. There are many proper names of the Bible on which neither history nor tradition throws any light, which are not found in the Talmud, and which no research is likely even to illustrate. In the story of Joshua's wars, and in the lists of the Chronicles and of Nehemiah and Ezra, many names are mentioned which have no illustration except in their Hebrew and Greek equivalents. We can find what the word means, but nothing more. Such names as these need not in a Bible Dictionary to be mentioned at all. But where there is something to be said, the title ought not to be omitted. Not a few important titles are wholly omitted in the volumes before us. We give a list of twenty-four, all taken from the books of the New Tes-

tament, which are not to be found in the new Dictionary,—Mote, Napkin, Novice, Oracle, Pillow, Pricks, Ravening, Ring-leader, Saints, Sergeant, Sop, Stall, Stuff, Stubble, Tackling, Testimony, Tittle, Treasury, Trench, Vessel, Ward, Winter, Worship, Wrinkle. Every one of them is a subject on which information would be desired, and on which misapprehension is possible. They all belong properly to the department of Jewish antiquities, in which it is much more necessary that a Bible Dictionary should be full, than in the department of biography. How naturally one reading the story of the storm upon the lake, in the Gospel of Mark, asks what kind of fixture was the “pillow,” which seems, from the article attached to the word, to have been part of the furniture of the “ship”! One of the frequent questions which a Sunday-school teacher is called to answer is, “What is a tittle?” Who can read that passage in Paul’s letter to the Thessalonians, without wishing to know how the term “Vessel” was fit in application to a *wife*? What word needs more to be explained than the word “Pricks,” in the vision of Saul, which points the illustration of folly and difficulty? And are not the “Saints,” that household of the true faith, as important a class as the Nethinim or the Zam-zum-mim, those gate-keepers and monsters?

Some of these omitted titles, indeed, are incidentally treated under other heads. In our judgment, that is not the best way. A good Bible Dictionary *will confine itself, as far as possible, to the single theme*, and not deal much with collateral subjects. It will not include too much in one survey, or undertake to mingle things essentially separate, allegory with argument, theology with archæology. Under the head of “Satan,” it is perfectly fair to argue from the Biblical account the nature and work of this personage, and to accept him as an actual being, the rival or the instrument of Jehovah. But it does not seem relevant to preface this by a general argument to show that a Devil is a possible, a probable, and a very necessary being, or to go into the question of the origin and the existence of evil. We have no quarrel with the length or the details of Mr. Barry’s discussion of the Biblical Satan; but we protest against his *a priori* preface, with its demonstration that the Devil is essential in the “economy of God.” So, too, half of

the article on the "Holy Spirit" is superfluous, as arguing a theological question without illustrating the Biblical narrative. It is impertinence to tell us that the existence of the Holy Spirit and his work are proved by "the experience of intelligent Christians in every age, who are ready to specify the marks and tokens of his operation in themselves, and even to describe the manner in which they believe he works; on which see Barrow's sermons and Waterland's sermons." What have sermons about the subjective states of converts to do with the demonstration of Biblical facts? As well might we bring the *stigmata* of St. Francis to illustrate the crucifixion of Jesus, or the passion of St. Theresa to verify his agony in the garden. Equally irrelevant is the argument to prove, by the superiority of Christian over heathen civilization, that the Holy Ghost is a person. The article in question is not too long; but it contains a great deal that has no place in the essay, and has certainly nothing to do with the Bible account.

How far *illustration to the eye* is desirable in a Bible Dictionary is a question on which opinions will widely differ. Some obvious rules, however, would seem to regulate their use. They should be rigidly confined to the illustration of the subjects discussed, and should never be inserted for ornament merely. A picture of a scorpion, or of a key, or of the Dead Sea, or of the spice-plant, may do more to describe those things than any enumeration of details. But why, in treating of some ancient city, long ago destroyed, give a picture of the modern town, which may have an entirely different aspect, though built on the same site? They should be authentic, and not conjectural. Pictures of the Jewish tabernacle, and of Solomon's temple, of monuments or structures which must be reconstructed from the description itself, are of no value. Mr. Paine has proved, as he thinks, in his ingenious work, that all the representations of the first temple to the eye are entirely wrong; that its proportions in the common pictures are very far from the truth, and that it is shown to us *upside down*. And again, these pictures should not be of very familiar objects. There is no need of adorning the account of "Swine" by the figure of a wild boar, or of showing us in two cuts an animal so familiar as the *lion*. The ugly head of the Sphinx

adds nothing to the elucidation of Memphian history, so far as the Bible has to do with it. Pictures in a work of this kind should be of the kind that help the text, and give clearer ideas of things otherwise obscure. In general, the use of these pictorial illustrations in Dr. Smith's Dictionary is judicious. Some we could spare, especially the pictures of ruins like those of Palmyra, and of towns like Thessalonica. Others, which might have been given, are lacking; but there can be no complaint of redundancy. Especially valuable are the *fac-similes* of manuscripts, such as are joined to the articles on the Vulgate and the New Testament. It is unfortunate that the article on the Old Testament contains no similar specimen.

One kind of illustration, however, should belong to all the articles. They should show us, not only the English title, but the *original word*, whether in Hebrew or Greek; if possible, in both languages, with the various readings in different manuscripts. In this respect, Dr. Smith's Dictionary is nearly perfect. There is Hebrew and Greek enough in his pages to satisfy the most ardent Oriental scholar, and Arabic and Coptic are supplied at need. It is remarkable, nevertheless, that the very able essay on the "Confusion of Tongues" is so sparing of these picturesque Semitic characters, while they show such a formidable array in the tables of the line of Shishak. Even Sanscrit equivalents are sometimes given, and the "Nile" is illustrated from the sacred language of India.

It is hardly necessary to insist on *perfect accuracy* as an essential of a good Bible Dictionary,—an accuracy in the minutest points, even to the spelling of the most difficult names. In general, Dr. Smith's volumes are scrupulously accurate in their statements of fact. In some instances, we seem to see a wish to make more of an authority than it really has, and to make the facts mean more than they really do. But there are no signs of carelessness. It is very faithful work, and the corrector of the press has been as faithful as the writers. Very few compilations of the size and variety, dealing with such multifarious topics, in so many languages, can show so few *errata*. The *jot* and the *tittle* are in their places, while the weighty matters are set in due order.

A final test of excellence in such a work will be *unity of*

plan. On the whole, the present work well bears that test. It is not a mere collection of essays, like the annual Oxford and Cambridge volumes, but a single solid work, which cannot easily be taken apart or dissected. In estimating this quality, it is necessary to bear in mind the exigencies of editorship as well as authorship. The number of contributors in the last two volumes is largely increased from that of the first. In all, more than sixty names are given, including some among the more eminent names in English scholarship, and such American ones as Dr. Day of Lane Seminary, Dr. Hackett of Newton, Dr. Stowe of Andover, and Dr. J. P. Thompson of New York. Some names, indeed, the most eminent of all, we miss. If Professor Jowett had been intrusted with the Epistle to the Galatians, the result would have been more satisfactory. If Dr. Davidson had been called to prepare the article on the Old Testament, it would have been better digested than by the Vicar of Barrington, who has used Davidson's learning with much less skill. The Hon. Edward Twisleton, in his account of the Phœnicians, has made good use of Mr. Kenrick's researches; but it is safe to believe that Mr. Kenrick would have been more competent in that charge. But it is of small importance that the best scholars personally write, if the results of their scholarship are faithfully set forth. If the compilers are candid and skilful, and use their sources of knowledge honorably, we may not complain, even if they are to be ranked in the second class of scholars; while scholars of the second class will submit more easily to that process of revision which a due respect for "the unities" will probably exact.

On the whole, while this Dictionary is far from realizing all that such a work might be and ought to be, its unquestionable merits, in our judgment, far outweigh its defects. It is, without doubt, incomparably the best work of the kind in the English tongue, and it is likely to remain for some years yet the best in its kind, superseding all others. With all the criticism that may be made upon it, it is better than we could have expected from such a source and in our time. It is a monument of industry, care, research, and solid learning; its tone, if sometimes dogmatic, is always (so far as we have seen) reverent; some of its views are in harmony with the most liberal thought; and its follies of interpretation are comparatively few.

ART. VII.—MILITARY DRILL IN SCHOOLS.

British Parliamentary Reports on Military and Naval Drill in Schools and Hours of Study. 1. *A Letter to N. W. Senior, Esq., on Half-School-time Teaching; on Military Drill and Physical Training; and the Administration of Funds applicable to Popular Education.* By EDWIN CHADWICK, Esq., C. B.—2. *Communications collected and submitted to the Education Commission, by EDWIN CHADWICK, Esq., C. B., on Half-Time and Hours of Teaching, Military and Naval Drill, &c. Being Reports from 53 Teachers, &c., on these Subjects.*

MR. EDWIN CHADWICK, the author of the Blue Books whose titles are given above, is a well-known laborer in the cause of Sanitary Reform in England. To this, and to the Poor Laws, he has devoted great ability and industry during many years. In 1854, the Earl of Carlisle declared that “Mr. Chadwick was, in his belief, the most efficient agent in originating and completing the two measures which, beyond any others, have improved the condition of the great body of the people, the Amendment of the Poor Law and Sanitary Reform.” (Hansard, July 14, 1854.) Mr. Chadwick, like Burke, was not “swaddled and nursed and dandled into a legislator.” He has all his life been fighting a battle with the stupidity, obstinacy, and hatred to all innovation which belong to English routine. He has been obliged, in his career, to interfere with large interests, and has encountered bitter opposition; but he has triumphed over it all. His sanitary measures have had the effect of reducing the rates of mortality in various parts of England, in some instances even from thirty to thirteen in a thousand.

The present Reports of Mr. Chadwick are chiefly on two subjects,—Hours of Teaching in Schools, and the Military Drill in Schools. Under both heads he has collected and arranged evidence from very competent authorities, going to show that too many hours are usually given to book-studies in schools, and that the introduction of the Military Drill is productive of the best results on the health, the discipline, and the moral tone of schools, without diminishing the amount of book-work actually accomplished.

These results we desire to lay before our readers, as we consider them of great importance. The Secretary of the Board of Education of this State, in his Report just submitted to the Legislature, has recommended the introduction of the drill into the Common Schools of Massachusetts. His Excellency Governor Andrew is understood to be in favor of the same measure. The movement is certainly one of great importance, and whatever evidence we can obtain in regard to it deserves attention. Before introducing such a change, we ought to know what the results have been elsewhere.

Mr. Chadwick has collected the evidence of fifty-three gentlemen, consisting of the head-masters and teachers of a multitude of schools where the drill has been introduced, of inspectors of schools, civil engineers, owners of large manufacturing establishments, and eminent philanthropists. From the testimony of these witnesses the following results are attained : —

1. That a child's attention is exhausted after fifteen or twenty minutes' application, and that three hours a day devoted to study, or eighteen hours a week, is the limit of a child's power of attention.
2. That three hours a day devoted to book-study, and two hours or three hours to gymnastic exercises, industrial labor, or military drill, produces results in the acquisition of knowledge superior to those attained by a longer time given to study.
3. That the military drill in schools (for boys and girls) has been extensively introduced in England, in private, parish, and endowed schools, with the best results as regards health, moral tone, discipline, and development of manners, mind, and physical frame.
4. That the foundation for an effective militia system must be laid in a drill of boys at school ; for that only in youth can military habits and movements be acquired.

We proceed to quote from Mr. Chadwick's evidence in support of these positions, taking the first two points as one.

I. As regards the child's power of attention, and the advantage of half-time in school.

Mr. Stuckey, master of British School, Richmond, who has had the charge of several large schools, says : —

“ In my experience, two hours in the morning and one in the afternoon is about as long as a bright voluntary attention can be secured.”

Mr. Isaac Pugh, who has taught some three thousand scholars, says : —

“ With the higher classes, and with varied lessons, I have kept the attention for about two hours in the morning. From the same class you might get an hour’s positive attention in the afternoon. But even that cannot be done day after day.”

Mr. Cawthorne, another teacher, says : —

“ I think I could get four hours’ attention daily, by introducing a mechanical lesson, as writing, or drawing, or singing. In the morning, we find the last half-hour very wearying ; in the afternoon, the last half-hour is worse than useless.”

Mr. Donaldson, master of the Free Church College, Glasgow, says : —

“ My experience as to the length of time children can closely attend to a lesson is, — Children from 5 to 7 years of age, about 15 minutes ; from 7 to 10, about 20 minutes ; from 10 to 12, about 25 minutes ; from 12 to 16 or 18, about 30 minutes. I have repeatedly obtained a bright voluntary attention from each of these classes for about five, ten, or fifteen minutes more, but I observed it was always at the expense of the next lesson. From children under seven, I have found three hours a day the extent of profitable mental labor ; two hours before, and one hour after dinner. For children between ten and fourteen, four hours a day.”

A large number of gentlemen, teachers in factory-schools, testify that the half-time scholars (that is, those who study three hours a day in the school and work three hours in the factory) make the best scholars, as is shown by their getting the prizes, &c. Mr. Branter (p. 25) says, “ The short-timers are superior in attainments.” Mr. Turner says (p. 24), “ It is commonly believed here that the ‘ short-timers’ learn as much as the day-scholars.” Mr. Atkins (p. 23), who has four hundred and fifty scholars, of whom two hundred and ten are “ half-timers,” says, “ The comparative book attainments of the two I find to be nearly equal.” Mr. Davenport (p. 16)

says, "In my experience, the short-time scholars are decidedly preferable to the full-time boys." Mr. Moseley, of the Stepney Union, says: "The short-time pupils are not merely as good as those who are exclusively occupied in book-instruction, but are generally better. This is shown by the fact that more teachers are obtained from them. We find a concentrated attention for a short time accomplishes most."

II. As regards the advantage of the Military Drill in schools.

The universal testimony of the teachers in whose schools the drill has been introduced is, that it contributes to the health of the children; gives them habits of obedience, method, and regularity; improves the moral tone of the school; makes the boys more respectful and more gentlemanly in their manners; and, finally, increases the positive study-power of the boys, so that they learn more from their books when they drill part of the day than when they study all the day.

In the Stepney Union, Mr. Moseley, master, the total number of children was 402, of whom 231 were males under 16, and 171 females under 16. The children in this school are engaged in close book-study only three hours a day, the rest of the time being occupied with industrial labors. The boys are taught the naval and military drill, and "after the drill," the master says, "we find the pupils come to their book lessons brighter and fresher, and give to them a more close and efficient attention." To the question, "What are the specific effects of the drill on the pupils?" Mr. Moseley replies: —

"The drill produces the best effects on the children. It makes them alert and prompt for work, and improves their whole condition. The naval drill, at the most, has been in use twenty years. Though the boys are taken from homes in the worst sanitary condition, and are, as a class, poor and under-sized, the effect of the drill is to give them the preference with ship-owners over boys who are stronger, but undrilled."

Testimony of Ed. C. Tufnell, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, &c. (p. 163): —

"What is your experience and observation on the effect of instruction in the naval and military drill given to these short-time school pupils?

"In the first place, as respects the school, it causes all the business

to be performed in a more orderly manner, and in a shorter time. Instead of the big boys driving over the little ones, and driving into the school over the seats in a manner which creates delay, they are told off, and marched to their places in an orderly manner. They change places promptly. In two of my largest schools the guardians exercised their power by dismissing the drill-masters ; but after a year's experience the result was found to be so injurious that in each case the drill-master was re-introduced."

Extract from the testimony of Thomas P. Allen, Master of the Parochial School, Petersham, Surrey :—

" What is your opinion of the moral effects of a military drill for young children ?

" I believe that both morally and physically the advantages arising from the operation of an effective system of drill cannot be overrated ; and indeed am so persuaded of its utility and the general salutary influence which it must exercise, that I have this week, through the kind assistance of Lady John Russell, introduced it here. The children, boys and girls, will in future receive two lessons a week from an experienced drill-sergeant."

Mr. Molesworth (page 23) says that

" the introduction of the military drill would be a great help to school discipline and instruction everywhere. The contrast between Hyperion and a satyr is scarcely more striking than that which exists between the loutish bearing of the Lancashire lad, and the firm, erect, respectful, and self-respecting carriage of the same person after he has been disciplined and polished by the drill. I am satisfied, too, that the advantage would not be confined to the exterior. In virtue of that mysterious connection which exists between the body and the mind, the erect person would, to some extent, produce intellectual rectitude and moral uprightness."

W. J. Imeson, London District School (page 40) :—

" Do you approve of the drill as an aid to mental instruction ?

" *Answer.* Yes, as aid to all kinds of instruction ; to the industrial occupation in trades, as well as ordinary instruction in school."

Mr. Simpson, Head-Master of the Swinton Schools, having about three hundred and fifty boys under his care, says :—

" In these schools the military drill is practised daily, with the best effect on the general order and discipline of the establishment. The military drill, however, is equally important as a gymnastic exercise ;

calculated to develop the muscular system, quicken the circulation, and arouse the physical energies of children. I have no doubt that the drill mitigates, and perhaps arrests, the progress of diseases of which traces are found in the children who come to us."

Rev. Isaac Holmes, Chaplain and Teacher of the Liverpool Industrial Schools, says: —

" I can certainly recommend the drill, for the management of children while in school, and its effects in after life. We find that it tends to sharpen the intellect, to produce habits of order and obedience, as well as to improve the physical condition of the children."

Mr. McLeod, Master of the Model School, Chelsea, says: —

" Regarding solely school tuition, I consider the drill a valuable auxiliary, by giving better order and discipline; and when you have order and discipline, you can do far more in tuition in a limited time."

Mr. William Fairbairn, who employs a thousand laborers, considers it a great advantage for a mechanic to have learned the drill. He says: —

" In my view, a greater benefit could not be conferred on the population of the country than to provide for them a drill, interspersing with their school instruction systematic gymnastics."

Mr. George Sykes, machinist and engineer, says that men who have been soldiers are the most steady men, keeping everything tidy and orderly, and are worth more money in the shop than others.

" I would give them 2s. or 3s. more a week than to others. I am satisfied that habits begot by the drill improve workmen to at least that extent."

Mr. Sandell, one of the Governors of the Foundation School at St. Olave's gives the same testimony.

Testimony of Joseph Whitworth, F. R. S., a gentleman having in his employment four or five hundred laborers: —

" Have you had experience of any inconvenience which the application of a naval or military drill, in the education of children, would serve to prevent in large establishments?

" Yes; in large establishments like ours, it is frequently necessary for men to act in concert. We find great loss of power by men not acting in concert. Serious accidents frequently happen from this cause, as well as much disorder.

"What do you consider would be the value given to a youth by a previous naval or military drill, or both, in his school education?

"I would consider a youth of double the value, who had a previous training in a drill which gave him habits of order and cleanliness. I do not mean his own personal cleanliness, but keeping everything he has to do with in a high state of cleanliness. A youth who has had a training of the nature of a drill has a pleasure in attending to commands, whilst another, not so trained, is dull and dilatory and inefficient. The drill, besides correcting defects, brings out special bodily qualifications. Thus one youth, who is remarkably strong in the upper extremities, will be found to be specially adapted to one sort of work, whilst another, who is more powerful in the lower extremities, will be the best fitted for another. But the drill would be of great use, as giving qualifications for all occupations.

"Have you had any experience of the effects of naval and military discipline in improving the qualifications of workmen?

"We always prefer a man who has been a sailor to take charge of the men employed in rendering assistance to others in lifting and removing objects from place to place; he is more apt in the use of blocks and tackle, and better drills the men to act in concert."

Testimony of Robert Rawlinson, Esq., Civil Engineer, one of the Sanitary Commission of the army in the Crimea (pp. 129, 130):—

"Would special naval and military drilling and gymnastic training at school give useful aptitudes for labor generally?

"In my opinion, based on experience and observation, I think school drilling and training would prove of the utmost consequence to the boys in after life. I may give a few instances. In all engineering and building trades men are frequently required to use their strength in concert, lifting, carrying, and drawing; men, to use their joint strength not only effectively but safely, must have confidence in each other. Two trained men will lift and carry more, easily and safely, than four untrained men. I have frequently seen trained men weed out unskilled men where heavy lifting has been required, because they dare not risk the danger arising from unskilled strength, and few have performed with more safety work which would have been lighter and easier if all had been equally skilled. Men frequently reject the assistance of unskilled men, as there is absolutely danger in having them near. Frequent accidents arise from using men unskilled in lifting, in hoisting, and at capstan work. Men who have been sailors make by far the best laborers, and coasting sailors the best of all. In Liverpool, Welsh

sailors are preferred for all purposes of scaffolding ; that is, for making tall scaffolding for buildings. Men who have been marines are next best, and then men who have been soldiers. Boys should not only learn to march, but to lift, carry, and pull in concert. There are many necessary feats of strength in all trades, which are more matters of knack and tact than of brute strength. Brute strength frequently fails to do that which comparative weakness can accomplish easily with skill and confident concert. There is no regular system of training in concert to use human strength in the best manner in any trade, so far as I know ; acting in concert is matter of necessity, and practice gives facility and confidence. Drill and training would probably double the effective human power of any establishment, especially if numbers are instructed in joint feats of strength. That which is taught to youth is never forgotten in after life."

III. As regards Drill in School as laying the foundation of an effective militia.

With peace-men, who are non-resistants, it will be no argument in favor of drill in schools, that it tends to lay the basis of an effective militia. But peace-men who believe in self-defence may well be satisfied that, the more effective the defence is made, the more likely we shall be to escape the dangers and miseries of war. Of two things, one : either let us disarm, and announce to the world that we shall never fight at all, or else let us have a military force in a well-trained and organized militia, which shall be powerful for defence, but feeble for attack. A general system of drill in the schools will effect this. Boys can learn it, as grown men cannot ; and what is learned in youth is remembered. Boys also have time ; their day has less of a money value than that of men ; accordingly, it is more practicable to teach them.

On these points the testimony of these papers is very complete. Evidence is given, taken from many officers and drill-sergeants in the service, showing that boys who have learned the drill in schools need scarcely any further instruction on entering the army.

Whether the drill will be generally introduced into our schools, we cannot say. The city of Boston is leading the way. A very efficient teacher is giving instructions to the boys in the Latin and High Schools, and in some of the Grammar Schools. The large towns must set the example. The

State must encourage the towns, by offering to supply the arms, and perhaps by assisting to meet the expense from the School Fund. On the whole, the experience of England seems to show that the introduction of the drill in schools will conduce to the physical, mental, and moral advantage of the State.

ART. VIII.—CHARLES THE BOLD.

History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. By JOHN FOSTER KIRK. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Vols. I. and II.

CHARLES THE BOLD, or Charles the Rash, as people may choose to translate *Charles le Téméraire*, Duke and Count of Burgundy, the son of Philip the Good and Isabella of Portugal, was born at Dijon in 1433. He was first known as the Count of Charolais, and distinguished himself in the battles of Rupelmonde, of Moerbeke, and of Montlhery. In the last he was acting as one of the chiefs of the League, which took the name of "The Public Good," against Louis XII. In 1467 he cruelly chastised the burghers of Liége, whom he had brought to submission; in 1468 he married Margaret of York, the sister of Edward IV., King of England. At the same time he had a new quarrel with Louis, who visited him at Péronne, and was forced to make a shameful treaty with him there, and to follow the Duke in his attack on the men of Liége, who were conquered again, and their town taken and sacked. At the end of the same year hostilities between Charles and Louis broke out again, and in 1471, after two years, Charles was forced to make a truce; but in 1472 he went to war again. He took Nesle and burned it, and massacred all its inhabitants; in 1474 he united with Edward of England against France, and they besieged the German town of Neuss unsuccessfully for ten months; in 1476 he marched against the Swiss, and was defeated by them at Granson, then at Morat; he besieged Nanci, which had fallen into the power of

René, Duke of Lorraine, and was defeated and killed before this town in 1477. This prince was the last Duke of Burgundy.

In very much such words is the life of Charles the Bold told in the *Biographie Universelle Portative*, but that we have translated the words from the French language. That epitome of fame compresses the lives of twenty-eight thousand four hundred persons, now dead, into a book about the size of a brick, and not quite so heavy. This is five thousand more famous people, we are told, than have been compressed into any other collection, even the extensive *Biographie Universelle*, which, with its Supplements, takes up an alcove in a library. Of course there are many more than twenty-eight thousand famous people now living, but death and time make such short work with the fame of those who are not alive, that their census is comprised within these limits. A person as distinguished as Charles the Bold gets twenty-six lines awarded to him of the small print of this fame-gauge. If a person is only half as famous as he, he has but thirteen lines; if only one twenty-sixth part as famous, only one line,—a fair allowance being made for length of life by the introduction of a second factor which represents the years between *b.* (born) and *d.* (died). After this allowance has been made, a person not famous enough to occupy one line in his biography is not admitted into this temple of fame at all. “He lived, he died,” may be the sum of history to Mr. John Taylor,* but not to the janitors of these doorways.

We suppose that the main facts, given in this somewhat un-picturesque sketch of the last Duke of Burgundy, make up the skeleton notion of his life which most English readers have,—which they have dressed with such nerves, muscles, skin, general coloring, and costume as they have got from Sir Walter Scott’s admirable studies in “Quentin Durward” and “Anne of Geierstein.”† It is in that way, after all, that most

* “TAYLOR, J. Théologien, de la secte des *dissenters*; n. Comté de Lancaster, m. 1761.” He is a two-line man, one thirteenth as famous as Charles, if their ages had been the same.

† As in our duty of reviewers bound, we have of course read Mr. James’s “Mary of Burgundy”; but we blush as we write the fact, that we cannot remember whether its studies of Charles are or are not faithless,—nor, indeed, whether it studies him at all.

history or biography gets itself written. The reader will see, as we go on, whether this is a sufficient study of a very worthless man, who achieved a good deal less than nothing in the midst of a very critical and central time.

The time was critical and central, because the feudal system of Europe was passing away, and the national and monarchical system coming in,—because the religious life of Christendom was hurrying to the great Protest,—because the invention of printing had begun, and the results of that invention were just beginning to appear,—because Columbus was born,* and the world therefore was just on the eve of the new adjustment of that disarranged balance, which would not right itself until the counterpoise of a new continent was found. At this period there had already been born in the purple Charles the Bold and Louis the Eleventh. The astrologers who looked upon their cradles might have been pardoned had they assigned to the baby duke successes such as the baby king could not share. The child of the good Duke Philip, who held, in an easy hand, all the wealth and chivalry of the great province of Burgundy, seemed to have better claim on fate than the child of the crazy Charles, whose greatest bequest to the world has been the pack of cards, and whose crown was threatened by the ambition of each and all of such princely vassals as was this Duke of Burgundy. Such is the period to which Mr. Kirk is giving his researches, following especially the fortunes of these princes. Of the results of these researches, we have the first two volumes here.

Both the princes we have named, Louis and Charles, began active life by quarrelling with their respective fathers. Charles, however, had made up his first difficulty, which was one of a series by which he broke up the monotony of life as long as his father lived, in time to welcome Louis as his guest, when he, in his turn, fled from the court of his father. Louis was, therefore, the guest of the Burgundian court when he was called to the French crown. The close personal relation thus formed between the princes gives a good deal of curious coloring to the transactions which afterwards engaged them both.

* The date of Columbus's birth is uncertain. He was probably a few years younger than Charles the Bold.

We are disposed to think that, of the two, Louis is Mr. Kirk's real favorite rather than Charles; although he has, in cold blood, chosen Charles for his subject. The first book of the History, comprising most of the first volume, might be called "The Life of Louis," quite as appropriately as "The Life of Charles." Indeed, Mr. Kirk chooses to exhibit to us the war of the League of the Public Good from the position of those who stood with Louis, in Paris and on the French side, rather than from his hero's point of view. Louis the Eleventh has got the name, in history, of being as bad a man as was ever trusted with power. We do not understand that Mr. Kirk makes any opposition to this verdict. But he does attempt to show that a "vigorous mind united with a bad heart is not necessarily an instrument of evil." And, from point to point, we find him recurring to the hypothesis, that, though Louis was selfish and mean and false, yet, because he had a plan, and because he followed that plan,—because he knew men and used great and skilful men,—he wrought out, on the whole, great good for France, and perhaps for the civilized world. It is clear enough why a person with a plan should be a more satisfactory subject for an historian to deal with than an impulsive big boy like Charles,—who, if he had plans, could sacrifice them almost at a moment's warning,—whom the author has to follow through profitless seas of reckless blood,—and to whose life he has to give unity by threads of connection, of which the chivalrous Duke himself never thought at all.

The real interest attaching to both Louis and Charles is borrowed from the crisis in which they were born. This is all that lifts them above the horde of worthless princes who have been suffered to be forgotten,—all that justifies three or four volumes of history specifically devoted to their lives. In God's great work of making all men "to be one,"—"one out of many,"—in the work which united Dorians, Arcadians, Spartans, and Athenians, and made them Greeks,—in the work which united Sabines, Curetes, and Albans, and made them Romans,—in the work which united Celts, Saxons, Angles, and Northmen, and made them English,—the time came for Bretons, Burgundians, Picards, Lorrainers, Normans, Gascons, and the men of Provence, to be made, all of them,

Frenchmen. Now there is, in human nature, a steady individual protest against this Divine process, by which the unity of the human race is steadily asserted. We suppose this individual protest is what the theologians call the original sin. It gives to the burghers of Little-Pedlington and Eatanswill their importance. It makes the Earl of Bridgewater stand out, to the last, against the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. It makes microscopical German princes beg the Great Powers in the most pathetic of screams, that they may not be "mediatized." It sets Mr. Calhoun to theorizing on the possible greatness of Carolina, if she were an independent asteroid, and Mr. Jefferson Davis to asserting, first, the right of Mississippi to repudiate, and then the duty of a defeated minority to secede. But all the screams, all the protests, all the theories, are, in the long course of affairs, vain. The will of God is done. And God's will is that all mankind shall become one. The smaller states are gradually interwoven into large nationalities. The Christian nations gradually come to keep the peace among the barbarians, and to knit themselves together by closer ties of international law. Against this steady order of Providence, Dukes of Burgundy, mediatized princes, President Davis, and Lord John Russell are alike powerless. It is certain that they must all give way.

The interest that attaches to the life of Charles the Bold results from his being one of the last exponents of the military power of feudalism, on the failing side of this constant struggle. This is the interest of it,—we should do wrong to say that any value attaches to it now. Mr. Kirk sometimes seems inclined to think that Charles wanted to do what in fact Louis did,—namely, establish a strong kingdom on the ruins of several old feudal dukedoms. In that case, things would have gone on as they have done,—with the substitution of the word "Burgundy" for "France" in the history of Europe. But, on the whole, Mr. Kirk prefers to regard Charles as the last champion of the feudal system, striving in vain to defend that system from what he describes very truly as the rising power of monarchy united with nationality. But his History shows that Charles was a person of no far-reaching plans; that he did not understand what the under-current of

his time was ; that he simply hated Louis, and liked war, and for a word was willing to break up any arrangement, whether it were or were not in the line of his interests. He did not regard himself as the champion either of feudalism or of nationality. He was simply the champion of Charles of Burgundy. It is this frivolous uncertainty, this want of all system in his hero, which makes it difficult for Mr. Kirk to keep in sight of his hero, and sets him rather to describing Louis, his great rival, or the wars of York and Lancaster in England, or whatever else may vary the blood-and-thunder monotony of the melodrama of Charles's life with an interest which cannot be made to attach to him, who should have been the centre of the narrative.

The French historians and annalists, and those of Belgium, have been diligently at work, now for many years, in illustrating the details of all this history, so that Mr. Kirk has no lack of new authorities, to be collated with the old stand-bys. One of these French gentlemen, if we are right, has the credit of conferring on Charles the Bold the title of the "Napoleon of the Middle Ages." The phrase does not appear to us happy. Napoleon was the child of Democracy, and grafted on it an imperial monarchy, while Charles was the child of Feudalism, and fought for it to the last ; Napoleon rose from the humblest rank, to make a great empire. Charles was born a great prince, and succeeded, at his death, in destroying the separate existence of his country. Mr. Kirk justifies the phrase by saying that Charles "concentrated upon himself the observation of Christendom by certain similar exhibitions of temperament and will," whatever that may mean ; and by telling us that for a few years Charles's reign becomes the main stream of European history. At the moment when we write, the fortunes of Schleswig-Holstein "become the main stream of European history." We should not for that, however, call the king of Denmark or the prince of Augustenburg the "Napoleons of our time," — not though "their relations with foreign governments were those of strict alliance or determined hostility," not though "the troops of many different nations are found serving under their banners."

The truth is, that any such effort to exalt Charles the Bold

into anything more than an unsuccessful feudal prince, of the average ability of those gentry, and more than their average power, must fail. The puppet cannot perform the tasks which the enthusiastic manager requires of him. None the less is there something profoundly pathetic in the contemplation of Charles as he was. Mr. Kirk gives us most fascinating sketches in this line, suggestive of the most important considerations, which he is not slow to unfold. To see this prince, whose fortunes, as it has proved, though he did not know it, were all linked in with the fate of the feudal system,—to see him cultivating the new invention of printing, which was destined to annihilate that system,—to see him, again, cultivating the new use of gunpowder and artillery in war, thus hoisting with his own petard the whole social system to which he belonged,—to see him just as boldly and just as blindly creating the modern standing army ;—all these illustrations of the way in which a man stands in his own light unconsciously, walks one way over the floe of ice which is drifting ten times as fast the other, are among the truly tragical passages in the history of the world.

But, unless one is looking for such traits of pathos as thus shoot into the life of a man who does not understand his place in the world, we see no reason why Charles, bold or rash, should not be left to the twenty-six lines of the Universal Biography. He destroyed some fine cities which he could never rebuild ; he scattered the wealth of Burgundy, which he could never restore ; he put an end to its independent feudal existence ; and, with his sword in hand, and a singular ferocity on his stiffened countenance, he was found dead, as men searched the field after the battle of Nanci. It has proved that his chief contribution to the history of the world was Mary of Burgundy, his daughter, the grandmother of Charles the Fifth.. With her such rights to Burgundy as she could carry passed to the House of Hapsburg ; and with her, therefore, half the history of modern Europe begins. Charles's good fortune seems to lie in this, that he had Philip of Commynes for an historian,—the new-born art of printing for a conservator of his annals,—and, since he has been well forgotten, a faithful staff of French and Belgian antiquaries for excavators of his fame. We ought

now to add, that he has Mr. Kirk as a brave, faithful, and judicious friend.

The merit of Mr. Kirk's book is, that, in the midst of a fruitless effort to make out that Charles himself is in the least worthy of recollection, he carries on, with a firm and conscientious hand, that great history of the reconstruction of Europe, which is all that reflects any interest on the braggart puppet whom he has taken into his charge. "The statistical system of history," he says, in one of his notes, "practically denies two principles, without which the subject ceases to deserve any attention,—human responsibility and the Divine government of the world." Recognizing these two principles himself, he is never so much at ease, and never works so well, as when he is tracing along, on some generous scale, the greater lines of history; and most of all is he at home in describing, what is to us so interesting now, the growth of the spirit of nationality in that Europe which had been kept in darkness as long as it had been paralyzed under the dissections of State-Rights and other fallacies of Secession. It is thus that even Louis the Eleventh becomes respectable to him, because his own ambition made it worth while for him to become the founder of French nationality.

"There were in the Middle Ages many sovereignties in France; but there soon ceased to be more than one royalty. The possessor of that royalty always claimed, if he did not always receive, the homage and allegiance of all inferior princes. Even while the feudal vassals were setting at naught their feudal obligations, the rules of feudal tenure were enforced in cases where they had no original application. Provinces which had never been bestowed by the crown were held, on the failure of direct heirs, to have reverted to the crown. The annexation of territory which had never before belonged to France was technically termed a *re-annexation*. Apart from special efforts and special agencies, and in spite of occasional re-actions, a deeply seated principle, based on physical as well as moral causes, was steadily working towards the enhancement of a single power and the depression of all conflicting powers." — Vol. II. p. 249.

It is impossible for the American to read such statements as these, without translating "royalty" into "nationality," "feudal tenure" into "constitutional right," "provinces"

into "states," "crown" into "nation." The history of the present has been written for us, if we are wise, in the fortunes of the past.

Mr. Kirk is most happy in such general speculations on the great laws of civilization. As we have said, he is unfortunate in his hero; and, from the mere lack of material in him, is tempted to dwell more on his great rival than a strict construction of the title-page of the book would allow. Strong as he is in the real philosophy of his subject, he gives way, quite unnecessarily sometimes, to some theory which compels him to interlard his narrative with the merest commonplace of illustration or disquisition. But as he works warmer in going on, more cognate good-sense takes the place of this foreign element. His single-handed attempt to lift up Charles's character from the pit where history has kicked it is manly, gallant, and, to a certain extent, effective. He succeeds in proving, against some one he does not name, that Charles was not an idiot; but really this is damning with faint praise. To say that he was "deficient in adapting his policy to the exigencies of the moment"; to acknowledge "sensitive pride, overstrained self-reliance, fiery temper, fierce and consuming"; to say that his hero's vision "was singularly clear, within a limited range," (as a spider's is,) and that there was a possible future for the Duke of Burgundy, which perhaps he saw, though we cannot prove that he saw it,—this, in the counsel for the defence, is really the abandoning of poor Charles's case by his best friend.

We have no doubt that Mr. Kirk has made faithful use of his authorities, so far as the real facts require, important or trifling, with which he has to do. But there connects with the unfortunate mechanical habit of moralizing of which we have spoken, a curious readiness to throw away the quaintness and simplicity of his originals, and to substitute for it a certain jauntiness of the more elegant thought and language of the year 1863. We have learned that it is always best to read the old French in his foot-notes, so frequently do we catch a racy taste there, which has "passed over," as the chemists say, in the boiling to which the text has been subjected. For instance, Louis was once undertaking to encourage the citizens of Paris,

who grumbled because the confederates ate their grapes, and spoiled their vines, in their vineyards outside the town. The king said that they had better gather the vintage and eat the grapes, than come into Paris, and take the cups and the wealth which was hidden in the wine-vaults and cellars. So far as the remark is worth repeating at all, its wit depends on the sustained allusion to wine,—in the king's contrasting the vines of the suburbs with the wine-cups and the wealth of the wine-cellars of the city. But Mr. Kirk reads, “It is better that they should eat your grapes and spoil your vines,” (nothing being said of spoiling in the original,) “than that they should get into your cellars, and find the hoards of silver that you keep concealed.” That is, he carefully weeds out all that is characteristic of the original.

The passion for varying the tone of the original sometimes leads him into an actual error. Thus he tells us that Charles at Péronne said to Louis, “Were I to see an arquebuse aimed at you, I would place myself before you to receive the shaft.” Now an arquebuse is a wide-mouthed gun, the predecessor of the musket. It was not used till some years after this conversation, and a *shaft* could no more be used in it than it could be used in one of Whitworth’s cannon. In the original, accordingly, we find that the king spoke of an “*arbalet*,” which is a cross-bow; and, what is more remarkable, that he said nothing about any “*shaft*.” He only said, “I would stand before it to save you.” The whole is a double absurdity of careless fine-writing.

The most valuable contribution which Mr. Kirk makes to the general view of history is his demonstration that the Swiss, in that conflict which overthrew Charles, acted “simply as the strong, intelligent, hired bravos of a foreign potentate,—too weak, too timid, or too crafty to strike with his own hand.” Upon this subject, however, he scarcely opens in these volumes. For we do but come to the critical period of Charles’s history when the second volume closes, and for the discussion of the final campaigns of his career we are obliged to wait for the concluding volumes.

ART. IX.—FEDERALISM, AND ITS PRESENT TASKS.

1. *History of Federal Government, from the Foundation of the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States.* By EDWARD A. FREEMAN. Vol. I. London: Macmillan & Co.
2. *A Dialogue on the Best Form of Government.* By the Right Honorable SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS. London: Parker, Son, and Brown.
3. *The Fœderalist; a Collection of Essays written in Favor of the New Constitution, as agreed upon by the Fœderal Convention, September 17, 1787. Reprinted from the Original Text. With an Historical Introduction and Notes,* by HENRY B. DAWSON. Vol. I. New York: Charles Scribner.
4. *The Trial of the Constitution.* By SIDNEY GEORGE FISHER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE titles we have cited testify abundantly to the interest felt in that difficult question of politics which is finding its grandest illustration in the period of national life we are now passing through. So far as regards the general working of popular institutions, as we have already attempted to show,* the present controversy presents no clean issue at all. No one has ever seriously proposed any other principle of government for this country than Democracy, as either desirable or possible. No horoscope of our future has ever imagined for that democracy any other form than some system or other of federal republics. No solution has ever been suggested of existing difficulties, which did more than modify in some few details, in the interest either of "liberty" or "order," the system that has grown up with the life of this nation, and has already, in some of its essentials, the respectable antiquity among us of more than two hundred years. By no rational standard of success can that system be possibly held a failure. The only question that can be considered as fairly open is, whether (to use the language of Mr. Lewis) "the fatal facilities offered by Federalism for bringing enormous territory under a *quasi central government*" may not have tempted this nation into a series of expansions, feebly stitched together by ever weakening

* See *Christian Examiner* for March, 1863; Article, "Democracy on Trial."

cords of compromise, until the practical difficulties of administration have outrun all our resources of wisdom and skill and power to deal with them. This question will meet us again before we have done. We give it this passing notice, as suggesting the strong point of interest which American readers will find in Mr. Freeman's elaborate history of the origin, growth, and practical working of the federal idea.

In its very nature, Federalism implies an artificial balance between two principles about equally difficult to satisfy or control,—the necessity of union and the passion for independence. Compared with other forms of government, it is late of invention, intricate and uncertain in execution. All history hardly shows us more than three or four well-defined and tolerably successful examples of it. The petty leagues of Greece, the Swiss Republic, the German "Bund," the United States of America, offer not so much complete exhibitions as illustrations, more or less successful in particular features. It is this single thing in their history which the work before us proposes to show. Fragmentary and often obscure as a record of events, it is as a study, with all the marks of diligence, good sense, and enthusiasm for the special topic it handles, that its value must be sought.

The present volume contains only the first of the examples we have named. But it was the destiny of Greece to exhibit, on a little scale, almost every felicity or folly, glory or crime, success or defeat, that can befall the attempts of men in the difficult art of statesmanship. It did not need the lost two hundred constitutions which made Aristotle's text-book of political wisdom, to suggest a parallel, in the three centuries' story of that scanty region, for nearly all our modern instances. And of all the lessons of that never-tiring story, perhaps none is so instructive to us as the blind and difficult groping by which that brilliant, vain, and quarrelsome people felt its way to something like a sense of national unity and coherence,—just too late, alas! to be of service or deliverance to itself in the final struggle. It is hard for us, in modern times, to adjust our great lenses to the scale of magnitude on which that marvellous drama was acted out. Thus, by singular good fortune and skill, Athens early succeeds in annexing Eleusis,

ten miles off, and Salamis, across an easy ferry, and absorbing into a sort of great township its continental possessions of some twenty-four miles square. But Ægina, that lay pleasantly in sight over the bay, was the home of "alien enemies," and was only held under by the iron hand. Megara, at five and twenty miles, was the standing pet hostility of Athens; while her most generous act of foreign policy was in steadily upholding Plataea, at thirty-five miles, against the hateful predominance of Thebes, at forty. The eternal rivalry with Sparta reached over an interval about as great as that which separates New York from Philadelphia; while the disastrous expedition to Syracuse, which bewildered the Attic imagination no less by the daring of its distance than by the splendor of its equipment, traversed a world of waters rather less than from the Chesapeake to Port Royal. Yet these narrow limits were enough for the great passions of patriotism, ambition, jealousy, and international hate. The intense pride of every Athenian citizen in his own splendid capital, his fond recalling of its generous liberties and its grand memories, in exile, or disaster, or times of peril and fear, is familiar to any one who remembers the soldierly summons of Xenophon on his retreat, the touching appeal of Nicias to the forlorn hope at Syracuse, the fond tone in Plato's Dialogues, or the ringing harangue of Demosthenes when the shadow of Macedon began to darken the pass at Thermopylæ.

This intense local patriotism — the more intense because so narrow — is well illustrated, in its good and evil, by Mr. Freeman. The blind obstinacy of it in due time wrecked the liberties of Greece; yet without it, it is likely that Greece would have had no liberties to lose. It is very curious, when one thinks of it, to consider how purely ideal, not national, is that degree of unity which justifies us in including the towns of Greece under a common name. A few rites and traditions that floated down from dim legendary times; the memory of two victorious struggles against the barbaric world of Asia, — invasion at Troy and defence at Marathon; religious games that offered their chaplet of pine or oak or laurel to all Grecian comers; a council of Amphictyons at Delphos, and the faded splendor of some old Ionic or Doric or Æolic league, —

conventions “ecclesiastical and not political,” as Mr. Freeman argues, affecting the policy of Greek states hardly more than a convocation of bishops affects the imperial policy of Britain; transient alliances, of which the very name signifies nothing more than “helpers in the fight”; crude and brief systems of dependencies, under the “hegemony” of Athens, or Sparta, or Thebes,—these, with the subtler bond of living speech and heroic song, are all the symptoms of anything approaching national life throughout the two and a half centuries of Hellenic glory. It is not till the consciousness of decline has quickened the instinct of mutual defence, not till the miseries of that long strife for empire under Alexander and his successors have deepened the sense of pain and shame, not till the splendor of her possible but abortive nationality is contrasted with the half-tamed barbarism of the East and the low thunder-cloud gathering behind the Apennines, that the idea of a united republic possessed the wisest minds of Greece. Federal union was the late autumn fruit of Greek political experience. It was a tardy device to stay a ruin which could not be far off. The Achaian League—in its best days covering a territory about equal to Rhode Island, and once, in its decline, tolerated in claiming a domain rather larger than Massachusetts—was the last effort of Greece, and the noblest, to reconcile the liberty of a free town with the consequence and strength of a united nation.

There is something almost pathetic in this recitation of parallels and statistics, in this attempt to measure by our modern standards that utmost and impracticable stretch of Grecian patriotism. But that is not the way in which the parallel is most instructive. “Probably no two constitutions,” says Mr. Freeman, “produced at such a distance of time and place from each other, ever presented so clear a resemblance to each other as that which exists between the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the Achaian League.” The points of likeness are traced at some length, and make one of the most striking things in the History. And yet the resemblance is not very obvious at first sight. Ten or a dozen towns, each with its strip of territory, lying mostly along the pleasant south shore of the Gulf of Corinth, agree to defend

one another in a disturbed and revolutionary time, by reviving a League that had some claim to an obscure antiquity ; and — which is the main federal characteristic — ordain that all foreign relations shall be managed in common by a central government, while each town is left absolutely free in its municipal affairs. This was the political idea for which the world was indebted to that petty League. The central government was an extremely simple business. No question of choosing delegates : the theory of representation had not been invented. No jealousy of an overshadowing capital : the governing body met, perhaps, twice a year, for sessions of three or four days, in the open square of one or another town, by some rule of convenience or rotation, settled its points of public policy, chose its officers, and adjourned. It was simply a *mass meeting* of all the free inhabitants of all the towns who chose to come. Democracy in Greece never meant, and could not even imagine, any other pattern of organization. Questions of the balance of power were settled by the simple device of counting the vote of each town as one. Even when the League grew large and powerful, the brilliant city of Corinth, with its hand on two seas, or Megalopolis, the imposing modern capital of the south, was content to cast its single vote along with some petty Patrai or Pellene, whose name hardly exists anywhere except upon the map. This control of local jealousy testifies strongly to two things, — the outside pressure of a common danger, and the moderation, good sense, and firmness of a few men, who kept in their hands the practical direction of affairs.

The brilliant days of the League began when Aratus, a youth of twenty, rescued, by a daring stratagem, the liberties of his native Sicyon, and at once persuaded it to seek safety in annexation. For more than thirty years he continued virtually controller of the League, — its general-in-chief, or president, in the alternate years which its constitution allowed, and the principal director of its policy, whoever might be its official head. His marvellous skill in winning the confidence of its assembly was matched by his marvellous alacrity at ruining its fortunes in the field. And that bitter, unreasoning, personal jealousy, from which no eminent Greek, excepting

Aristides, seems to have been quite free, betrayed him at length to the infamy of deserting its real hero, Lydiadas, to perish in the crisis of battle, and then of deliberately surrendering its independence to the treacherous and brutal "protectorate" of the younger Philip of Macedon. Neither the glory nor the baseness of this career seems to have altered his steady hold on the confidence and control of the counsels of the League, whose history, for those thirty years, is simply the story of his life.

Feeble, short-lived, of pale and almost forgotten fame,—left out, in fact, by Grote wholly from the field of Grecian history,—the Achaian League did yet the service of organizing into something like coherence and prosperity the declining strength of Greece; and the greater service of creating a government more fair, moderate, and just, doing more for the content and welfare of its citizens, probably, than anything we find in the more famous periods. The military and freebooting republic of *Ætolia*, the small but heroic confederation of *Acarnania*, the later extension of the Achaian League itself, so as to take in all of peninsular and a part of continental Greece, show how the stress of the time at once created and justified this peculiar form of government. Its possible glory was cast in the shade by the splendor of those wide conquests to which Alexander had dragged the reluctant alliance of the Greeks a hundred years before; it kept only a sullen and helpless neutrality in the great struggle it was forced to witness between Macedon and Rome. But it made at least a respectable second-class state; it succeeded for many years in maintaining a prosperous independence among its citizens; it was as much above the ignominy into which Athens had fallen, as below the glory from which Athens fell; and if only its two really great men, Aratus and Philopoimen, could have changed places, as the historian argues, the experiment of federal government in Greece might perhaps have left a record more splendid and durable than any of the earlier short-lived Grecian commonwealths.

This brief chapter of old-world experience seems worth recalling now, when the style of government it was the first to herald is exhibited on the grandest scale, and is passing its

most difficult tests. Some likeness in the circumstances had naturally drawn the attention of the founders of our own Union to that ancient confederation. Though the writers of "The Federalist" had but an imperfect notion of its real character, they availed themselves of such knowledge as they had in pressing their argument upon the American people.* It is instructive to see, in both cases, how hazardous and doubtful an experiment had been undertaken. That extreme jealousy of local liberties, that extreme tenacity of the diplomatic rights of sovereignty, which required the utmost skill of Aratus and his Achaian allies to overcome, reappears in the loose "Confederation" of 1779, as soon as the pressure of war is lifted off. That so labored an argument as this of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay should have been needed, to prove what seems the so obvious wisdom and necessity of the case, might make us wonder now. But it was no superfluous task. The careful and thoroughly studied Introduction to that noble edition of The Federalist which we have cited, begins by showing that the rejection of the Constitution of 1787 was regarded as *a foregone conclusion* in the great State of New York, until these papers appeared,—a dissent which would have completely cut off New England from the South and West, and rendered all attempt at union futile and ridiculous. It was in great earnest, to meet a state of things which seemed to them full of danger, that that grand appeal was written,—the highest authority to this day, according to the eminent testimony of Mr. Mill, in its own field of political discussion.

Most of the arguments it urges are so fully justified by experience, that we have come to acquiesce in them almost as if they were self-evident. But the great struggle of these last years has revived the doubt with some, whether the federal principle itself is of power and stability enough for a national bond; and other doubts besides, which touch the particular form of federalism adopted in our Constitution.

As to the first of these doubts,—touching the sufficiency of the federal bond itself,—it is passing through such a process of solution by events, that it is almost idle to entertain any

* See *The Federalist*, No. XVIII.

theoretical discussion. We have observed, in most foreign writers who have referred to it, a deeply seated distrust of the nature of that bond; in fact, a conviction that it has already and definitely failed. Sir G. C. Lewis, in particular,—if we are right in inferring his own opinion from his *Dialogue*,—compares it unfavorably with the “English system of dependencies,” which, he says, “is more flexible than the federal system of the Americans,” and better adapted for large and diverse populations,—first, as requiring a less intimate connection among them; and, secondly, as implying less influence of new states on the central government,—an influence which he deprecates as likely to impair its vigor and alter its identity. The stanch advocate of democracy, in his *Dialogue*, also holds that the federal element is that in which the American republic has failed, while claiming full success for the local democracies. We admit the plausibility of such an inference from the history of the last three years, taken by itself; and we admit the likelihood, in case the prestige of the Union were once destroyed, that petty local confederacies and jealous sectional governments are more likely to follow than any august republics of either North or South or West. But these reasoners, with all the well-meant and officious counsels so liberally offered,—mere insults in our misfortune, as we were apt to take them,—have been unable to see how thoroughly the American Union from *a fact* has become a passion and an idea. As fact, or as idea, the American people have vindicated their belief in it, by a test which, perhaps, no government on earth was ever called to pass. And we feel well entitled to assume that no other issue of this war will be consented to, than one which leaves its territory undiminished and the authority of its government unchallenged. So much for the sufficiency of the bond. If necessary, it may be strengthened by a steady increase of the central, even at the expense of the local powers. At least, we do not believe that the nation, which has already paid so costly a price for it, will consent to have it broken or impaired.

The second class of doubts touches the particular form of federalism adopted in our Constitution. This includes a great many details of administration, as well as the general prin-

ple on which the federal compact itself was formed. Judged by any reasonable test, only a single thing in it can be fairly said to have failed. That particular compromise, by which the Constitution affected to ignore the fact that one half the country was ruled by a slaveholding aristocracy, and the other by a free democracy, has been plausibly argued to have been essential at first to the formation of any Union at all. Seventy years of apparent success in suppressing the ugly differences it was sure to generate, disguised from the great majority the "irrepressible conflict" that lay latent between those two orders of society. The passions of war have stripped away the disguises, so that what the political adventurers of the South asserted to justify their revolt,—that slavery and freedom cannot exist peaceably together,—has slowly come to be accepted as the common sense of the matter, and, within these eighteen months, what was a formidable opposition has dwindled to a feeble protest.* Similarity of institutions is accepted as the sole condition of nationality in a free union of States. The blows of war are shattering steadily that system which they have more than half destroyed already; an immense free emigration, half military, half industrial, is fast occupying and securing the great domain already won from the flag of the

* The following, from a recent number of the New York "World," may be taken as a fair index of the present "conservative" position in this matter:—

"The war—which, after the firing on Fort Sumter, was necessary, being alike demanded by the honor of the government and the interests of the Union—has not changed the attitude of Northern Democrats on the question of intervention; but it has rendered the principle of non-interference, to which the Democratic party steadily adheres, of no further advantage to the South as a shield to their peculiar institution. The Emancipation Proclamation is illegal intervention, and we oppose it; but we are bound to support the war until the Rebels lay down their arms, and the natural tendency and necessary consequence of the war is to shake the institution of slavery to its foundations. So far as its downfall is the natural result of the war, the Democratic party cannot interpose to save it. We never interfered to impair or cripple slavery, although we believed it wrong; we certainly shall never interfere to preserve it. There has never been a time when Northern Democrats would not have rejoiced to see the Southern States imitate our example, and freely abolish slavery; and if slavery falls, as an incidental consequence of the war, without any violation of our duty by illegal intervention, we shall passively leave it to its fate. Its destruction is a risk which the South voluntarily incurred when they resorted to arms, and it would be a great inconsistency for us to intervene in favor of an institution which we disapprove, when we would not intervene against it."

rebellion ; and the policies proposed before Congress all look to the fixing and sanctioning by law of that liberty which could only be won by arms. Emancipation is fully accepted as a test of loyalty in every State that has tasted the full horror of the insurrection.* The policy of the administration, for the military overthrow of slavery, has opened the way for the series of public acts which are to give it permanence and effect. And the proposition to amend the Constitution itself, by a provision securing universal liberty as the very foundation of our federal system, if it should be adopted, would seem only to follow up and certify the more authoritative verdict of events.†

* The Proclamation of General Banks, of January 11, authorizes the election, on the 22d of February, of State officers, " who shall, when elected, for the time being, and until others are appointed by competent authority, constitute the civil government of the State, under the constitution and laws of Louisiana, except so much of the said constitution and laws as recognize, regulate, or relate to slavery, which, being inconsistent with the present condition of public affairs, and inapplicable to any class of persons now existing within its limits, must be suspended, and they are therefore and hereby declared to be inoperative and void."

In the application of "sundry citizens of the State of Arkansas to the President for authority to hold a State election," they pray "that it be assumed at that election, and thenceforward, that the constitution and laws of the State, as before the rebellion, are in full force, except that the constitution is so modified as to declare that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted "; the election to be held on the 28th of March.

At a large public meeting held in Nashville, Tennessee, on the 21st of January, resolutions were adopted "denouncing slavery as an evil in itself, and as the cause of the rebellion, and advising the reorganization of the State government by a constitutional convention, pledged to immediate and universal emancipation." The speech of Governor Johnson, declaring that "slavery has been the destroying element which tried to put down the government, and the government should put it down immediately and forever," and denouncing gradual emancipation as preposterous, "was received with unbounded enthusiasm." Tennessee is stated to be "fully prepared to be reorganized as a Free State, under the Proclamation of Amnesty."

† We copy from the Resolutions recently offered by Mr. Sumner in the Senate of the United States, as indicating the probable direction of public sentiment and public policy :—

" 3. *Resolved*, That, by virtue of the rights of sovereignty, the rebel and belligerent region is now subject to the national government as its own rightful government, bound under the Constitution to all the duties of sovereignty, and by special mandate bound also 'to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, and to protect it against invasion'; that, by virtue of the rights of war, this same region is subject to all the conditions and incidents of war, according to

We assume, then, that in this struggle the nation will be victorious over the section with which it is at war; that the Union will be restored, and its former career of increasing population and prosperity continue undiminished; that the national bond will be immeasurably strengthened by the removal of the one cause of deadly difference, and the national character harmonized by identity of laws and liberties; that the great task set before us for future years will be, not the mere maintaining the existence of the nation, by compromise or arms, but the maturing, confirming, and developing of a true national life, on the large scale indicated by the extent of our domain. It seems to us not untimely even now, while we stand at the verge of what may prove the final and most desperate crisis of the struggle, to consider, very briefly, some of the conditions of that life. We do it from the single point of view of the perfecting of that principle of associated government so crudely shown in the ancient commonwealths, so firmly and ably sketched, though with inadequate experience of its working, in the vigorous papers of *The Federalist*.

The natural balance of power between the general and local governments, on which the whole working machinery of federalism depends, is so well stated in these papers, that we cannot do better than copy their language, as applying to the new condition of things under which that disturbed balance will have to be restored.

“The State governments will have the advantage of the Federal government, whether we compare them in respect to the immediate

the established usages of Christian nations, out of which is derived the familiar maxim of public duty, — ‘Indemnity for the past and security for the future.’

“4. *Resolved*, That any system of ‘reconstruction’ must be rejected which does not provide by irreversible guaranties against the continued existence or possible revival of slavery, and that such guaranties can be primarily obtained only through the agency of the national government, which, to this end, must assert a temporary supremacy, military or civil, throughout the rebel and belligerent region, of sufficient duration to stamp upon this region the character of freedom.”

“7. *Resolved*, That the Constitution itself must be so amended as to prohibit slavery everywhere within the limits of the Republic; and become, according to the holy aspirations of its founders, the sublime guardian of the inalienable right of every human being to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; all of which must be done in the name of the Union, in duty to humanity, and for the sake of permanent peace.”

dependence of the one or the other ; to the weight of personal influence which each side will possess ; to the powers respectively vested in them ; to the predilection and probable support of the people ; to the disposition and faculty of resisting and frustrating the measures of each other.

"The powers delegated by the proposed Constitution to the Federal government are few and defined. Those which are to remain in the State governments are numerous and indefinite. The former will be exercised principally on external objects,—as war, peace, negotiation, and foreign commerce ; with which last the power of taxation will, for the most part, be connected. The powers reserved to the several States will extend to all the objects which in the ordinary course of affairs concern the lives, liberties, and properties of the people, and the internal order, improvement, and prosperity of the State.

"The operations of the Federal government will be most extensive and important in times of war and danger ; those of the State governments, in times of peace and security. As the former periods will probably bear a small proportion to the latter, the State governments will here enjoy another advantage over the Federal government. The more adequate, indeed, the Federal powers may be rendered to the national defence, the less frequent will be those scenes of danger which might favor their ascendancy over the governments of the particular States."

We are glad to cite these words, which have been so strikingly illustrated not only in the cause, but in the course, of the present war, because they meet precisely the point of apprehension which the extraordinary display of reserved force in our national government has seemed to justify. Without the experience, no one could have suspected what formidable meanings slumbered in the little phrase, "war-powers of the government." Still less could any one have imagined that those powers would have been so thoroughly assented to, so cheerfully obeyed, so energetically seconded and upheld, by so great, wide-spread, and various a population, on the single assurance that they were honestly claimed and honestly used, however unskillfully, to secure the one end of the restoration of the Union. There is little question but that the return of peace will find the waters quietly subsiding back to their old channel,—a little widened and deepened, it may be ; and the general government, made stronger, wiser, and more just by

the trial it has withstood, more truly than before the protector of the common liberties. Normally, whatever power it has is only such as the people desire and the States permit. The nation, without doubt, will be vastly more conscious of its unity and strength ; but centralization, as hostile to local rights, will be even less to be dreaded than before. And for this reason ; that, the main cause of sectional difference being removed, there will be a more complete harmony of aim. General and State governments will have the same avowed task,—“to promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty” ; and, their shares in this task being definitely assigned, the working machinery of our institutions will be for the first time in even play. This hopeful view seems to us, to say the least, fairly justified by the present course of things.

Still, there are the perils of the transition. Where great passions lie hid, and great diversities of idea and policy, a little thing may easily stir them to strife. The very dispute itself that led to the outbreak of the war — to take the statement of its advocates on either side — lurked in one short phrase. The South “went to war for a Preamble.” The phrase in question was, “the people of the United States.” The point on which they fought was, whether the word “people” or the word “States” was the emphatic word in it. It is the old question of the balance of power in a federal republic. It had nearly blocked the way at starting, and prevented the grand experiment from being made at all. It will be certain to reappear, whatever conditions or form of reconstruction the government may see fit to adopt. It is a question, too, beset with practical difficulties, and impossible to be strictly answered by political precedents. Constitutional provisions there are none to meet a case which no human wit could have foreseen at starting. Constitutional theories and scruples appear, only to threaten the possibility of any solution at all. The risk on one side was, of restoring to political power — perhaps to mischievous predominance in our politics — a population embittered by years of war, resentful, sullen, craving the old delights of mastership, thinking conspiracy a virtue, with the fixed and fastened habit of rebellion, holding themselves natural lords of the soil, natural enemies and

dominators of the free North. The risk on the other side was, of driving revolt to desperation ; of giving over a vast domain to military waste and ravage ; of slowly building up a centralism, despotic, irresponsible, and corrupt ; of accumulating a vast amount of political patronage and absentee proprietorship ; of creating a pernicious alliance between a domineering protectorate on one hand, and those baser elements of society on the other, which will naturally court and crave it. Now the cause for which we are contending, the sacredness of the Union in our eyes, the honest and merciful intention which we believe has controlled the acts of our government, should not blind us to the plain lesson of history, or to the obscurer indications and tendencies of present fact. The evils we have last named are the inevitable results of long military occupation. They could not escape the attention of an administration at all aware of its responsibility, and at all fit to hold it. In the absence of political precedents and constitutional provisions, our government has done wisely and well in cutting the knot, and laying down the conditions of an *immediate* restoration of the seceded States, on terms which afford a tolerable guaranty against the evils of too hasty action. Self-government and local liberties are so sacred a thing, so essential to the very existence of our commonwealth, that we hold the administration justified in looking at the practical points of the case, and taking what seemed the best escape from the nearest danger. "The government," says General Banks, in his Proclamation to the people of Louisiana, "is subject to the law of necessity, and must consult the condition of things rather than the preferences of men."

We assume that the government has acted, at first perhaps reluctantly, but with steadiness and good faith throughout, in the direction taken definitely at length in its policy of reconstruction. We also assume that that policy must be thoroughly tested, and its results accepted for better or for worse, during the year which still remains to the existing administration ; while present symptoms indicate that it will be fully sustained both by the North, and by the loyal population of the South. There remains but one suggestion, — even if it is not already too late for that, — that "this rapid reconstruction of the

seceded States is premature ; they should be held in abeyance, until the national Constitution is amended against slavery, and once in under that guaranty, there can be no secession, recantation, or relapse." It is just possible that a judgment of the Supreme Court may overrule the proclamation of military emancipation. It is possible that slavery may be patched up again in the reconstructed State governments, though events seem so ample a guaranty against it, and though no court might be hardy enough to legitimate the seizure and enslavement of a people already free. But a waning power often plays a desperate game. The stake to be played for was never more tempting than the chance of a political triumph to compensate losses in the field. Neither the theory nor the practice of Southern politicians is a sufficient assurance against an intrigue of that sort, which might carry the demoralizing struggle over to another generation. "The true war with the rebellion is yet to come. What has thus far taken place in arms is merely a dazzling military prologue, and the grand body of the epic is to be performed in the halls of Congress and the Executive chamber."* Here, surely, is reason enough for seizing the opportunity which may be ours now, and may never be again, to make the grand act of freedom *irrevocable*, by writing it upon the Constitution. The returning States, through legislatures chosen as they must be chosen now, would eagerly acquiesce ; and the moment of perhaps greatest peril to a really successful issue of the war would be once and forever past. That the Presidential plan may not hereafter mock the hope of those who see in it the promise of a return to union and peace, we hold that it justly requires this for its completion. And a constitutional amendment, we apprehend, is justly defended or assailed on no other grounds than how it affects the best welfare of the state. The rescue and best welfare of the nation are the supreme law of political morality.

The task of federal reconstruction being thus fully inaugurated, and its principles defined by the men who have power to put them in effect, next comes the more difficult task of social reorganization. The first concerns the integrity and coherence of our political system ; the other tests its efficiency and quality

* "Spirit of the Times" for February 6.

as a working government, competent to guide and control the secret forces which give life to the body politic. To restore the functions of legislatures and courts; to reapportion the balance of power among the States;—metaphorically, to trim the ship, so strained and battered in the storm; to compel by the strong hand of central authority the peaceable working together of powers now at deadly strife;—these are only the beginning of that work by which the American Republic must vindicate its right to be. There are the wounds of society to be healed; there are the ravage and waste of war to be outgrown. The testimony to the disorganization of society throughout the South, steadily accumulating now these many weeks, is to the last degree appalling. It is almost a year since the Confederacy was pronounced “a shell,” by those who got their first hasty inside view. The evidence now, if less epigrammatic, is more varied and more authentic. We say nothing of the conflicting statements respecting the misery for mere want of food. We pass by the symptoms reported of a bitter and determined opposition at home to the Richmond government, and the stories of organized resistance by whole communities to that merciless conscription which musters its forlorn hope for a desperate spring campaign. We do not undertake to fathom that gulf of insolvency in which the Confederate finance is plunged, or affect to know how much may be done without funds or credit by a people united in deadly earnest for independence,—if that could really be claimed of the Southern population. We do not take anything for granted, which might make us careless of that opening campaign on which the final issues of this war seem to be hanging even now. We allege only those facts which justify this government and people in persisting to carry this struggle to its only peaceful and possible solution, which illustrate its first great duty, of *success in the absolute conquest of rebellion*. There is no longer in the Southern country a power equal to the task of reconstructing the shattered fabric of society; that work must be done under the guardianship and control of a nation strong enough to deal with that, as it has shown itself able to deal with the other problems which the war has brought.

To take only a single thing,—the institution of slavery itself,
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on which the entire structure of Southern society has rested, — see how it is perishing by the very war-demon it had evoked for its perpetuation and defence. The half-million, more or less, actually set free by the arms of the United States, the hundred thousand registered in the public service, the numerous estates tilled by the free labor of the blacks, lie in sight as it were, near enough for the stimulus of hope and terror to so much of the ancient order as still exists, and are joined daily by fresh crowds of fugitives. The labor of slaves in Virginia is absolutely without market value, and people of means are appealed to, to afford them maintenance for such chance services as they may render. A million and a half of them are said to be crowded into the single State of Georgia, where their conscious and insolent strength is alleged to show the fatal nature of a conscription that would take the few remaining white men from the plantations; and the danger is confessed lest not enough labor should be extorted from them to secure the necessary supply of food. These are but a few of the symptoms which, even granting the independence of the South, would make the restoring of their bondage, after the former manner and with the former strength, a task even harder to carry through than the complete establishing of their freedom.

These things — along with the more precise and still more afflicting testimony of those who have followed the track of our armies into the interior of the seceded States, and of those who have fled from that wrath, seeking freedom and refuge on the free soil of the North — all tell the same story, of a condition of society shattered and effete, to which nothing in history seems a fair parallel, unless it be that pulverizing of the fragments of Roman empire which prepared the soil for feudalism. Of certain States, “one third the voting population either dead or absent”; the flower of Southern armies, representing the great multitude of those who plunged into rebellion with a certain sincerity of passion and hate, destroyed, in enormous proportion, by the chances and miseries of war; estates counted literally by the thousand destitute of owners, who have fled or perished; large districts already occupied by armies of soldiers or speculators or colonists, without the shadow of an opposing claim, — facts like these show what

sort of *tabula rasa* it is, scraped by the rude hand of war, on which the outlines of the new civilization are to be sketched.

And what are the means by which this peaceful second conquest is to be effected? We have already referred to the great tide of colonization, which sets in steadily, as fast as the way is laid open. This will be the chief instrument, no doubt, to develop the industry, alter the social character, and fix a new type in the politics, of the great region most thoroughly swept over by the war. Along with this, and subsidiary to it, organization of free labor among the negro population will continue the chief source of productive industry in the widest and most fertile districts. The sagacious provisions in the Order of General Banks (February 3, 1864) indicate, in outline, the transition actually taking place. Insisting emphatically on the strict need of steady labor, and on a stringency of rule which a transition so momentous must require, it contains also those provisions for school instruction, for "the unity of families," and for the care of "sick and disabled persons," which will make this new revolution the beginning of a real Christian civilization. This, rather than the experiment at Port Royal, we take as a type of the movement, because it deals with all the elements of society, planters, negroes, and overseers; because its tone is not specifically humane, but by comparison stern and statesmanly; and because it more fairly represents the average difficulties of the task to be attempted, and the conditions of its fulfilment. As a sample of the language of this Order, we copy a few of its closing words:—

"War can never cease, except as civil governments crush out contest, and secure the supremacy of moral over physical power. It is therefore a solemn duty resting upon all persons to assist in the earliest possible restoration of civil government. Let them participate in the measures suggested for this purpose. Opinion is free, and candidates are numerous. Open hostility cannot be permitted. Indifference will be treated as crime, and faction as treason. The amnesty offered for the past is conditioned upon an unreserved loyalty for the future, and this condition will be enforced with an iron hand. Whoever is indifferent or hostile must choose between the liberty which foreign lands afford, the poverty of the rebel States, and the innumer-

able and inappreciable blessings which our government confers upon its people.

“ May God preserve the Union of the States.”

And if the movement of our armies is conquest of that barbarous power which assailed a political system in the main so beneficent and just, it is deliverance to multitudes from an oppression more bitter and humiliating than that endured under the yoke of foreign conquest, the tyranny of an insolent, mocking, jealous, and exasperated class-power. Hear the story as it comes from the lips of a Southern loyalist :—

“ We know what history means when it tells of a reign of terror, when neighbor fears to whisper in the ear of his neighbor, when a man as he enters his house at twilight, before communicating with his family, goes to the window and the chimney-corner to see whether he dare to speak the feelings of his heart in his own family. But the grand old flag waves triumphantly over the mountains of East Tennessee, and there may it float forever. It is for you to determine whether this people shall perish in devotion to our country by the blighting hand of famine, or whether your philanthropy and benevolence shall interpose to shield, protect, and save them. East Tennessee has sacrificed all she had for the country. Her horses and mules, her flocks and herds, her cattle upon a thousand hills, have all been offered up. Her corn and wheat are all consumed. Her young men who have not already perished in camp or on the battle-field are now swelling the ranks of your victorious armies. Her mothers and maidens, her old men and little children, her soldiers’ widows, are already upon the sacrificial altar. May God save my people, and avert the stroke in this their day of suffering and trial.” *

We do not copy the details of that ferocious persecution, as told in his stirring words, but only a few sentences which illustrate the temper in which it was met by that heroic population.

“ Our young men resolved that they never would be persuaded or forced by bayonets to strike at the heart of the mother that bore them. They kissed their mothers’ lips and received a blessing and fond farewell from fathers, sisters, wives, and little ones, to flee as exiles from their own loved land, for no other reason than that they loved their country. There was no promise of premiums or bounties to them, no

* Speech of Colonel Taylor at Faneuil Hall, February 10, 1864.

hope of wealth, happiness, and prosperity in the distance ; but they left their homes, and in the darkness of night, aided only by the silver rays of the moon and the dimmer light of the stars, they took the pathless ridges of the mountains, travelling by night, ragged and in tatters, with feet unshod and bleeding, hiding by day in the gorges of the mountains, that they might come under the folds of the flag of their country to fight, and, if need be, there to die.

"In August, 1863, Jefferson Davis called for all between eighteen and forty-five years of age, and simultaneously was the advance of General Burnside's glorious army across the Cumberland Mountains for the redemption and relief of our suffering people. Rosecrans occupied the southeastern extremity of the State. The remnant of our young men at once sprang from their hiding-places to the relief of these champions of the Union. To-day twenty-five thousand East Tennesseeans wear the uniform and bear the arms of your country and mine. Without disparaging the patriotism of any other section, in proportion to her population, more than two to one of my section in comparison with any other are engaged in the support of the government."

It is such allies as these that the nation relies on in its struggle against the last great mustering of the forces of rebellion. To forget them three years ago, when the question rose of maintaining the national authority against that rule of terror, would have been to abandon the most sacred obligation and pledge of the government. To forsake them now, were an infamy impossible to be even proposed. Their loyalty can only be protected and their rights restored by absolute success and triumph in this conflict. No common vengeance would assail them, if the rebellion should recover its lost ground in that central mountain region. No ordinary help will be given by them in the difficult task of creating a new order of society on the ruins of the old. It is not a task of conquest, but in the smallest part. Nor is it a task to be given over to aliens and intruders, and forced upon a reluctant population. It is a task of humanity and justice, of necessity as well, — one which can be done by no hand less strong than that of the government victorious and unchallenged, by no wisdom less than the gathered counsels and experience of this great nation, under no banner less sacred and august than the flag of the Federal Republic. Our belief is in a government free

enough to enlist the thought and counsel and loyalty and homage of its truest citizens, strong enough to do the particular thing successfully, which circumstances make its present and pressing task. Such a government we believe we have, in all essential conditions, in that federal system which is undergoing its final and greatest trial on this continent; and such a government we believe that no other attainable system could give us. No true American but has been educated to believe in it, with a loyalty and sincerity of conviction that admits no questioning. We believe that a special task — one of overwhelming magnitude and importance — has been assigned to it, in this critical moment of the century. That that task will be accomplished, after whatever defeats, and across whatever obstacles, we entertain no doubt. The first condition of accomplishing it is victory in the existing struggle. That struggle will leave this a nation broken, humiliated, and dispersed, or else far stronger, wiser, and we trust nobler also, — more enlightened, humane, and just: which it shall be, depends on the skill and strength put forth to the immediate issue now before us. But that great work of civilization, humanity, and peace, for which this conflict is rudely opening the way, must be performed at length, if performed at all, by a power conforming to those essential conditions of liberty at home, peace established in unalterable union, and a single strong position held among the nations of the earth, which we associate only with the phrase, **A FEDERAL REPUBLIC.**

ART. X.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

MR. MACKAY is a good partisan critic,—able, painstaking, erudite, with considerable of conceit and dogmatism, and thoroughly in earnest in the school of radical exposition which he affects. Few books in English bear testimony to a greater mass of curious reading than his “*Progress of the Intellect*”; and few books, of equal ability, are more warped in judgment, or more strict in their adhesion to one narrow, extravagant, and offensive system of opinion. This quality in him damages his merit as historian, but gives great life and vigor to his polemics. His recent volume on the “*Tübingen School*”* (which he zealously espouses) will hardly be accepted as an adequate account of the last half-century of speculation in Germany, or of the present condition of opinion in England. But its brevity and vigor, its clear summing up of facts which in their main outline will not be disputed, and the strong emphasis with which the points at issue are set forth, make it a publication of mark and value; while its intellectual courage is vindicated by the hearty avowal of the pantheistic creed “*popularized by the great German poets*,” and its scornful exposure of the weak side in such men as Schleiermacher, Neander, Ewald, and Stanley—particularly the two last named—is a dispensation as wholesome and well merited as it is able and fearless.

The real service and merit of the book consist, of course, in the clear and connected account it offers of the precise task assumed by the critics of the *Tübingen School*, and the precise nature of its “*antecedents*.” That task is, perhaps, best defined as the task of *constructive criticism*. Preceding schools of criticism, closing with Strauss, had mostly undertaken their work in a spirit either negative or compromising; the positive results attained, of any scientific value,—except by mere ascertaining of facts and collation of the text,—may be set down as almost nothing. Even such eminent scholars as Neander and De Wette fall back on sentiment rather than argument, when they have a position they are unwilling to surrender to negative assault; while the passionate obscurity of Ewald it seems difficult to clear up, so as to save his intellectual fairness and honesty from impeachment. Ewald himself attacked the “*Tübingen men*” as flat atheists; and his illogical bitterness may be due, in part, to a sincere religious apprehension. It is not to the point to attack the men of that school for holding (as Mr. Mackay has phrased it) that “*Christianity becomes intelligible as a natural development*.” We do not ask of a naturalist on what religious hypothesis he “*explains*” his facts; we ask of him honest dealing with the facts themselves. The *Tübingen School* may have got committed to a theory which it took up first as a “*working hypothesis*”

* *The Tübingen School and its Antecedents; a Review of the History and Present Condition of Modern Theology.* By R. W. MACKAY. London: Williams and Norgate.

sis"; and, to that extent, it may have vitiated its results. But we believe that it is fully entitled to the credit of having first approached the problem that lay before it in a purely scientific spirit; and to the further credit of having been the first to grapple with it at the right point.

What distinguishes that school of criticism from every other, and makes its work an epoch in the history of theology, is that it assumed as its starting-place *the earliest Christian writings of undoubted genuineness*. This solution to the vexed question of method is the Columbus's egg of New Testament exposition,—so simply obvious when stated, so laboriously missed till the right man came. The mental relief—to call it by no other name—of taking, as our point of departure, the unchallenged Epistles of Paul (the Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians), instead of the perplexed and doubtful phenomenon offered in the Evangelists, is almost like that which follows some discovery in physics, or the unrolling of some forgotten paper in a history of political intrigue. And, whatever result may be finally attained, thanks will be mainly due to this so simple cutting of so perplexed a knot. This service is the key at once to the method and to the theory of Baur and his co-workers. How their labors were followed out, and what relation they bear to a correct appreciation of Christianity, in its origin and early spirit, we attempted to show at some length a few years ago.* Mr. Mackay is, apparently, satisfied with the solution thus given to some of the *intellectual conditions* of primitive Christianity and of the New Testament writings. But, to judge by his elucidation, the school he vindicates has done nothing to explain, and nothing to illustrate, the *spiritual phenomenon* offered us in the existence of Christianity as a fact.

Passing over this main point, however, there are two subsidiary ones in which Mr. Mackay's volume will be of much service to the English reader. These are, first, the exposition of what is called the "literary purpose" in the writings of the Testament,—that is, the motive, practical, dogmatic, or conciliatory, to be traced in the writings themselves, and the place which they bear, accordingly, in the history and system of opinion; and, secondly, the side-light which is thrown upon the text, often, by what are called "pseudonymous writings,"—that is, not forgeries, got up with any deliberate intent to deceive, but (as is generally acknowledged now of the prophecies of Daniel, and still more plainly of the "Wisdom of Solomon" and the "Book of Enoch") writings in which a venerable name is assumed to give weight and value to words which with us would be simply "anonymous." This very striking characteristic in the later Jewish literature is, of course, familiar to scholars; but few persons, without special study, are aware how largely it prevailed in the early Church, and how important a point it makes, for example, in discussing the age and authorship of the "Gospel according to John." It is almost needless to add, that Mr. Mackay, following his authorities, assumes the latest data and the most

* *Christian Examiner* for January, 1858.

doubtful genuineness for all the writings coming under his review,—unless it may be the *Apocalypse*. His statement of the case, from that point of view, is clear and vigorous; and deserves study by all who cannot learn first-hand from Baur and Schwegler, who wish, at the same time, to know the condition of opinion as to these important points.

THE fourth instalment of Bishop Colenso's work * is of the nature of an answer to a challenge, as well as a continuation of his main argument. If the language in which he has been assailed is disgraceful to the temper no less than the scholarship of his assailants, it is at least edifying to see the simplicity with which he cites the bitterest paragraphs, and the skill with which he maintains that his liberty of discussion does not go beyond the limits avowed by the most respectable episcopal authorities,—nay, not beyond those plain obligations which the Church ritual prescribes to the religious teachers of the people. As a vindication of absolute liberty of thought within the pale of the Establishment,—a liberty which, in its clear admissions as well as its chance indications, seems to reject everything that is technically “supernatural” in the Scriptures,—the introduction to this volume is quite as curious and important as any part of it.

The main body of the volume, however, is his response in detail to those critics—particularly the *Quarterly Review*—who have reproached him for his bold generalisms, and have challenged him to a minute and critical examination of the points in question. It consists of an exhaustive analysis of the first eleven chapters of *Genesis*, line by line and word by word, so as to afford *demonstration* of his thesis, that that book consists of materials compiled from at least two independent sources. Readers of ordinary information and ordinary freedom from bias, we presume, are already well convinced of the general fact; but the process is none the less interesting, by which the precise evidence, in detail, is brought within reach of the English reader. The different portions are dissected out and presented each in a full translation, with the Hebrew words always rendered by the same equivalents, and the emphatic words carefully explained. For the first time, the entire argument for the “Elohistic” and “Jehovistic” hypothesis is made fully accessible.

But this is only a small portion of the task. As preliminary to it, the argument from the existence of the Samaritan Pentateuch is met,—the argument, once so much relied on, that the Pentateuch must have existed as a whole before the division of the tribes. It is shown, first, that where the conversion of the Samaritan colonists is spoken of, it is in such phrases as “fear” and “manner” of the Lord of Israel,—not in the phrases “law” or “word”; and, secondly, that the language of the Samaritan Pentateuch so often corresponds with the *Septuagint* rather than the Hebrew reading, as to suggest rather a late Alexandrian than an early Palestinian source.

* *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Rt. Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, Bishop of Natal. Part IV. London: Longmans.*

The cardinal points of the primeval history—the Creation, Fall, and Flood—are examined very minutely. The curious fact is made prominent, that throughout the Old Testament *no allusion is made to either of these events*, either as fact or warning, or to the narrative details which attend them. The conclusion is almost irresistible, that they were derived from late and foreign sources,—a conclusion strengthened by the parallel traditions here exhibited at length from Indian, Persian, and other Oriental sources. Bishop Colenso takes his critics at their word, and carries his pitiless and exhausting analysis through and through every detail which is implied in a literal acceptance of the narrative. We cannot easily imagine a more afflicting and desperate task, than for one of his “literalist” opponents to be compelled to go through his argument on a universal deluge, line by line, and answer it with a tolerable show of probability and candor. Wilful and invincible ignorance is the mildest verdict that is likely to be finally passed upon those who continue to defend the narratives as they stand. And for those who take a loftier tone,—like Kingsley in his “Gospel of the Pentateuch,” advising the people to “believe, as I do,” that Moses, after all, wrote the five books substantially as we find them,—we apprehend that they will fare scarcely better. Surely, they can never have honestly asked themselves the question, Aside from the mere fact of a comparatively late opinion, (for Bishop Colenso makes it clear that there is no evidence of an early Jewish belief to that effect,) what one reason is there for believing that Moses was the author of those books? What we may call the absolute void of any positive evidence for the so-called Mosaic authorship, is perhaps best shown by its defenders. But such an argument as this is sometimes necessary to do away the fallacies which seem to fill that void. And that the Bishop of Natal has addressed himself to this rather thankless task with strong conviction, a religious sense of duty, a thorough study of the ground, and a determination that the world shall hear his argument, even if not till he has talked every opponent dumb, each succeeding volume gives ampler proof.

In a subordinate line of reasoning, he indicates still further radical dissent from the current opinion of the “Church.” The question respecting the genealogy of Ham and the origin of the Canaanites is treated at some length, to the following result: that Hebrew was not the original language of the Abrahamic stock, but the proper tongue of the Canaanites, as we gather from all we know respecting the tongue of the Phœnicians; and that the pure Hebrew of the Old Testament is a proof, not of its early composition, but of an origin late enough to account for the thorough naturalization of the Israelites among the elder inhabitants of the land. The importance of this view, in connection with the tribal manners and religious rites, showing such strong lines of likeness as well as contrast, it remains for the writer to illustrate in his future volumes.

Among the incidental matters treated of, the Book of Enoch, unhesitatingly ascribed by Jude to “the seventh from Adam,” is instanced to show the uncritical readiness of the later Jews to accept the wildest

tradition respecting the authorship of a religious book. "Enoch" was unquestionably composed within a century, at most, of the Christian era. Its language is largely quoted here, to illustrate the extent to which it was employed, and must have been familiar, among the earlier Christian writers.

THE prominence given of late to questions of Old Testament criticism, makes the appearance of a new and revised edition of Milman's veteran "History of the Jews" very timely.* It was not perhaps to be expected that this most respectable Churchman, historian, and scholar should find either leisure or aptitude to revise the opinions in which his history was cast "upwards of thirty years ago." Leisure he has found, however, to form acquaintance with some of the more important works in his department, particularly those of Ewald and Bunsen; and there are points of pure erudition as to which he quotes the rarer names of Chwolson, Bleek, and Ghillany. Considerable information will be found in the notes, gathered from these and other writers, touching unimportant details of the narrative; likewise the information respecting the geography, natural history, etc., has been carefully revised, and collated with the more recent authorities. We have also to commend the Preface, for its fair, sensible, and moderate indication of the historical method of treatment as applied to the records of the Old Testament. The writer adds, rather doubtfully, that, of the two alternatives, a late or an early (Mosaic) origin to the Pentateuch, he prefers the second; "but that it has undergone many interpolations, some additions, and much modification, extending to the language, in successive ages." So much we may say in commendation of a learned, sensible, and useful book.

When we come to the body of the History, however, it is a disappointment to find that it is so merely a repetition of the work familiar to us in the cheap little volumes of thirty years ago. We regret that there had not been vigor, patience, or intrepidity to recast it, in some degree, upon the new scale of perspective, and with some of the very curious side-lights which later investigations have brought to bear upon the subject. After all, we only have over again the trim, fluent, respectable paraphrase of the story, which we very decidedly prefer as we find it between the hard-thumbed covers of our pocket Bible. We had rather be told, frankly, that Lot's wife "became a pillar of salt," than informed that she "was suffocated by the sulphurous vapors, and her body encrusted with the saline particles which filled the atmosphere." The phrase will serve as a sample of the treatment of the whole patriarchal narrative. We are not helped to a better critical view of the character and sources of it, while we lose all its fresh and unique simplicity. And so in regard to the later story. Some trifle of archaeological learning in the notes, but no clear picture, such as Movers, Ewald, and Renan might have suggested, of the population and manners

* The History of the Jews, from the Earliest Period down to Modern Times. By HENRY HART MILMAN. Third Edition, thoroughly revised and extended. London: John Murray. 3 vols.

of early Palestine, some toning down of the amazing miracles, some tame ethical comment on the barbarities of the conquest, some "humble questioning" of the statistics of the *Chronicles*, — nay, a quiet reduction of the "fifty thousand and seventy men" of Bethshemesh, struck dead for presuming to look within the ark, to "a very great number"; but in no case any criticism more bold or searching than just to show the painful vacillation there must be between the trained intelligence of the historian and the ecclesiastical obligations of the priest.

Still, Dean Milman's *History* is infinitely more damaging to the superstition which refuses all intrusion of fresh knowledge, than to that extreme liberty of criticism against which he protests. No intelligent person can read it without having many questions stirred by it for one that it fairly answers. It breaks ground, in a fair and courteous way, in a field of knowledge which demands a far more thorough explaining than he has given. It is, we believe, the only easily accessible authority as to the later fortunes of the Jewish race, which the author has traced with fidelity and ample knowledge through the times of mediæval persecution; while, so far as it goes, it is a careful, candid, and safe guide through many of the surface-difficulties of the Hebrew narrative. And we trust that whatever new light is thrown upon the subject in these handsome English volumes will presently be made accessible in an American edition.

IF courage, industry, and perseverance can give a man success, then Mr. Sawyer will succeed in the great work to which he has devoted his life. Persuaded as he is that the crying evil of our time is a false theology and a false exegesis, he is not drawn aside, as was his predecessor, Theodore Parker, by the distracting questions of politics and social life; and even in this din of war his brave translations of the Scripture go on. The fourth of the series is the book of Daniel,* at once the treasure and the puzzle of millennial interpreters. Our limited space will not permit us to give any extended notice of his study on this book, or to say what ought to be said concerning its peculiarities, its merits, and its defects. It will not please all the critics, and it is very far from the orthodoxy of the approved treatises on this subject.

The work is divided into two parts. The First Part is a translation of the book of Daniel, not following the order of the received text, but grouping the stories into four collections, called severally the Hebrew, the Mixed, the Chaldee, and the Greek series. This last contains simply the apocryphal stories of "Susanna" and "Bel and the Dragon." Mr. Sawyer's translation of these "stories" differs in many minor, and in some important, respects from the common English version. In some instances his changes are an improvement; in others, we prefer the

* Daniel, with its Apocryphal Additions, translated, arranged, and the Principal Questions of its Interpretation considered. By LEICESTER AMBROSE SAWYER, Translator of the Scriptures, etc. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1864. 12mo. pp. 144.

former reading. In the very first paragraph, we find a change which seems to us not warranted by the Hebrew text, where he has rendered *Miqtsathkele*, "with all the vessels," instead of (as the common version and Dr. Noyes both render it) "with a part of the vessels. Just below, too, he changes to "implements" the word rendered "vessels" in the previous clause. We prefer, too, the word "pulse" to "seeds," as an equivalent for *Zerōim*. The translation, however, is easy to read, and the changes which are made from the common version have been made deliberately, and show the quality of Mr. Sawyer's Hebrew learning.

The second and larger half of the volume contains the Critical Introduction, which to readers who adopt the Hebrew style, from right to left, will probably be taken as preliminary to the translation. This "Critical Introduction" is by no means confined to an explanation of the origin, authorship, age, and meaning of the book in hand, but contains very much incidental matter, states the writer's theological position, and pleads for a rational and free examination of Biblical questions. The views are of the progressive kind, not only in what is said about Daniel, but in what is said about the Gospels. While Mr. Sawyer cites the Second Epistle of the "Roman Clement" as if it were genuine, he boldly denies that Matthew's Gospel *was or could have been written* by him or by any Apostle. We learn, too, that "all the Apocrypha originated at Alexandria." In this Mr. Sawyer seems to differ from those investigators who have discovered in the *Sophia Seirach*, which he calls *Siracides*, traces of a Hebrew original.

THE remarkable volume of the Rev. Charles Beecher * comes to us with every prestige that could give it interest and bespeak a thoughtful hearing. The fame of the father, whose thought had taken such thorough possession of the childish mind of the son; the interesting light cast upon it by the memoir and family chronicle just published; † the evidence of a fervent and "sad sincerity" in the writer, given in the recent "trial for heresy" at Georgetown, of which we said a few words four months ago; the singularly earnest, profound, and personal tone of the Preface, recounting some marked phases of his own religious experience,—do not allow the reader to dismiss it as a mere ordinary book. It is not a mere doctrinal theory it contains, but the attempted solution of a problem on which the writer's mind "has worked and struggled and agonized day and night for twenty years, almost incessantly, and has found rest in the views presented in this volume."

With all candor, he invites examination and discussion of his theory. And yet the critic's chief difficulty will be to find ground common between himself and the writer on which to meet the argument. It is off and above the customary plane — what we may call the modern or sublunary plane — of discussion of such matters. Its sphere is wholly tran-

* *Redeemer and Redeemed; an Investigation of the Atonement, and of Eternal Judgment.* By CHARLES BEECHER. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

† *Autobiography, Correspondence, etc., of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D.* Edited by CHARLES BEECHER. New York: Harper and Brothers. Vol. I.

scendental; its substance (as we have said before) is pure and simple Gnosticism. It assumes a whole order of ideas utterly remote and strange, not merely to the scientific intellect, but to the ordinary religious emotion or idea. One would hardly think seriously of refuting it, any more than the schemes of Basilides or the science of Paracelsus. At the same time, it is urged with such warm good faith, it is allied with so much that is genuine and noble of religious thought and feeling, that one wishes it were possible to state it in terms which did not seem purposely to magnify its extravagance. What we say of it, therefore, will be mostly in the author's own words.

Although he begins by saying that it is not belief of the *theory*, but belief of the *fact*, of redemption which saves the soul, and though, in his rapid review of successive schemes of the atonement, he is fully alive to their weaknesses and defects, he yet introduces his own by the remark (which is a key to the tone of the discussion), that "it is of great importance to obtain *a full knowledge of the original heavenly empire.*" We cannot specify the course of investigation which satisfies the author of his theory, which is, in brief, as follows. The "first and natural heir" of the eternal throne was not Christ, but Lucifer. He, "the covering cherub," was "first heir of empire; he proved unfit; God substituted Christ; Satan through jealousy slew him." The type of this substitution of the younger for the elder is exhibited in no less than thirteen distinct instances in the Old Testament,— Abel for Cain, Isaac for Ishmael, Jacob for Esau, etc. Thus the scheme of redemption was an afterthought of God. But Lucifer, though long false at heart, was not deposed from his super-angelic power until his great and final crime was done. The earliest Scripture (so assumed), the Book of Job, introduces him as still in high honor in the court of Heaven; he was not then openly a rebel, or "the universal etiquette of courts" would have forbidden his presence there. As prince of the heavenly host, he had won an affection from the subject angels, only feebly typified by the enthusiasm felt on earth for a Washington or a Napoleon; "God could not tear him up and lacerate the bleeding heart of myriads." His sophistries had bewildered and deceived the angels (who are far more liable to imposition than "the elect"), refuting as they did the possibility of a disinterested love of God to his creation.

"God saw that the loyal public sentiment of the empire was so far affected by this philosophy, that, without correcting it, he could not safely be just in destroying Satan. The public sentiment would not sustain him. His loyal subjects would be alienated and thrown into the arms of the rebellion."

"God was limited to one set of weapons; Lucifer could use two. God cannot lie; Lucifer can. God could move in right lines only; Lucifer could move in straight or crooked. . . . To tear off that disguise, to let the universe find him out, to turn his crooked and tortuous policy inside out, was at first impossible. He must be allowed to go on until he should cross his own track and convict himself."

Hence the whole machinery of that drama, in which God divested himself of sovereignty, took a human form, endured the utmost shame and misery of fallen humanity, and triumphantly proved before the

angels his own capacity of unselfish love. The recoil of horror and detestation at this unexpected consummation of his design drove Satan from his throne in the hearts of the heavenly host, and since then his dominion has been confined to the earth.

“ His sway over public sentiment of other worlds than this terminated. Here his power is intensified. He builds the papacy. He intrenches himself, by all those organizations to which we have referred, in the atmosphere of human thought. . . . It is his amazing skill in employing the conservative element of good men in evil systems, that those systems are so invulnerable.”

And the consummation of all things will be, when the time is fully come; when the earthly empire of Satan is overthrown; when the human race, whose birth was in heaven, in an anterior state,

“ shall be healed of its wounds, purged from its stains, and triumphantly qualified to resume under better auspices, and carry out to final accomplishment, the interrupted and long-suspended plan of union to Christ in the headship of universal empire.”

No other words than the author’s seem suitable to state, in fairness, this theory of salvation,—a theory so far away from any ranges of our common thought, that serious comment or refutation is impossible. As a phase of religious experience, as a mode of thought possible in an age like this, as a legitimate inference from the creeds and the logic that have framed so much of the popular theology, it possesses a rare and peculiar interest. In particular, every religious thinker will find something to strongly move his own thought in such a chapter as that on the Divine Sorrow,—in the conception which is there presented of the Divine character, founded perhaps on crude and wrong imaginations, yet containing hints of much that ought to be included in every worshipper’s belief of a living God. And in another way the volume will do its work, by bringing to the bar of its earnest and stern inquiry that whole cycle of inhuman, strange, and visionary notions which have been so long associated with the prevalent “schemes” of Christian truth.

HISTORY.

THE first impression from the continuation of Mr. Froude’s History* is a little disappointing. It has not the eloquent partisanship which we have learned to expect in such a work,—the keen, poetic appreciation of the grand points in the contest, the hearty and eager sympathy with the better life of England that fought at once for liberty of thought and the nation’s independence in that terrible warfare of the sixteenth century. The story seems long and weary; the tone comparatively cold; the judgment balanced and cautious, perhaps with a leaning to asperity; the details often of no interest or importance to match the space they fill in the writer’s thought and narrative. It is as if it had been painfully *read up*, in the sources so generously opened and so faithfully used, and put too hastily into shape, without waiting for that effect of

* History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Reign of Elizabeth. Vols. I., II. London: Longmans.

time which should give ripeness, compactness, unity, and fire. And so one lingers impatiently on the threshold of a period so grand and eventful, so stirring the imagination by the bare mention of its name.

For these two large volumes carry us over less than ten years of the thirty-five which belong to the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the narrative spreads wearily over its mere preliminaries, — the long matrimonial diplomacy, the miseries of the Irish struggle, the intrigues of the Scottish court, with their series of pitiful and wretched tragedies. And we miss what such historians as Macaulay and Motley have taught us to expect, — the vigorous sketch of the group of public men who made the glory and strength of that reign. We have the evidence in full for the guilt of Leicester towards Amy Robsart, and the complicity of Mary Stuart in Darnley's murder, and the hesitating, double policy — a blunder almost amounting to a crime — by which Elizabeth betrayed her truest friends in Scotland, France, and Ireland. But we have to feel our way along as we can to an understanding of the men — Cecil, Walsingham, and others — whom we are longing to see as the historian sees them; and are fain to content ourselves with such vigor and life as we find in the episodes by the way.

These episodes are often deserving of all praise. We do not ask for a more vivid account than we find here of the Irish perplexities and horrors in the long struggle with Shan O'Neil, or of the condition of the Protestants in France, or of the maturing and fulfilment of the great crimes which give such evil fame to the days of Mary Queen of Scots. We find also, now and then, a touch of character or of a thoughtful and sad philosophy, drawn with a keen and quiet skill which greatly relieves the general level of the story. Thus, of the projected marriage between Don Carlos and Queen Mary: —

“ The Prince of Spain had the intellect and the ferocity of a wolf: the Queen of Scots had a capacity for relieving herself of disagreeable or inconvenient companions. Yet they would scarcely, perhaps, have made their lots more wretched than they actually were. We wonder at the caprices of fortune; we complain of the unequal fates which are distributed among mankind. But Providence is more even-handed than it seems: Mary Stuart might have been innocent and happy as a fishwife at Leith; the Prince of Spain might have arrived at some half-brutal usefulness breaking clods on the brown plain of Castile.”

The character of Elizabeth ought also in fairness to be given, as a key to Mr. Froude's general conception of her career: —

“ Her daring, her intellect, her high, conscientious devotion to duty, that great and sovereign nature which shone out in her grander moments, were dashed with a taint which she inherited with her mother's blood.”

And, incidentally, of the Articles of Conformity: —

“ The Thirty-nine Articles, strained and cracked by three centuries of evasive ingenuity, scarcely embarrass now the feeblest of consciences. The clergymen of the nineteenth century subscribe them with such a smile as might have been worn by Samson when his Philistine mistress bound his arms with the cords and withes.”

One chapter of very curious illustration is given of the origin of the Buccaneers, or unauthorized marauders against the Spanish marine. Such idealizing as the topic admits we had had already in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" It was partly an untamed instinct and habit of piracy, such as we find* in the chivalry of Homer's time; partly, also, the strong temptation of the period. "Exasperated by the murder of their comrades in the prisons of the Inquisition, the sailors and merchants looked on the robbery of Spaniards as at once the most lucrative and devout of occupations." In these days, one feels a touch of sympathy with the remonstrances of the Spaniards against this unacknowledged gainful privateering. We seem to be reading a despatch of no longer ago than last September, when we are told how "they said frankly, that, if the Queen's government did not see to the safety of their own seas, another way must be taken, which would lead to war." We feel a certain relief when the Queen's government discreetly interpose; and the war, which might have broken out twenty-five years earlier, is happily postponed till 1588.

Apparently, Mr. Froude thinks Elizabeth was more seriously in danger of a marriage with Leicester which she must have felt at the time would be infamous, and was more deeply committed to the matrimonial negotiations with the Continental courts, than has been held by those who have seen in this curious by-play a diplomatic card which was used by her with wonderful adroitness and effect, but which she knew would lose its virtue the moment it passed from her own hand. On the other hand, the motive of her long hesitation in naming Mary as her lawful successor — namely, that it would have been a signal for her own instant assassination to make the succession sure — has perhaps never been made so clear as in these volumes.

THE History of the United States,* by Karl Fr. Neumann, is one of those many books written in Germany, which, with a thorough study of the subject, combining with the labor of years the experience of a life, do, nevertheless, add nothing to what was before known in historical facts, or what had been already accomplished in philosophical analysis. Unlike the books, however, upon this country, which have been manufactured of late in England to enlighten the English mind or minister to English arrogance, the present work does not owe its existence to our civil war. It has been under the author's hands for at least ten years. So long ago as 1859, the author was, to our knowledge, making researches in the great library at Munich. The book shows a great deal of labor, and, written by Karl Fr. Neumann, could not but be marked by a great deal of liberality. To an American it has little to recommend it beyond the conscientious industry with which the subject has been explored, and the compact and careful manner in

* Geschichte der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. Von KARL FRIEDRICH NEUMANN. Erster Band. Die Gründung der Kolonien bis zur Präsidentschaft des Thomas Jefferson. Berlin: Carl Heymann's Verlag (A. E. Wagner). London: Williams and Norgate. New York: Westermann & Co. 1863.

which it is presented. In Germany it will enjoy a wide reputation, and exert, we doubt not, a healthful influence.

It is always a difficult thing for a foreigner to do justice to American history, or to appreciate American life. In the transference to this country of the European civilization, it seems to have lost many of those delicate refinements to which a cultivated European is accustomed, while it has gained in a largeness of political freedom of which he is ignorant. But the exhaustive studies which the Germans have carried on in the last century, in the fields of philosophy and history, have trained the German mind in that cosmopolitan experience, if we may use the phrase, which comes only of travel and observation. The intellectual freedom of Germany has combined with the enthusiasm of the German character to lift the minds of its scholars to a higher plane of life,—to free them from the prejudices, and to guard them from conceit, with which, in other lands, foreign countries are so often ignored. And this, too, while the political condition of Germany seems often absolutely slavish or thoroughly effete. We should expect, therefore, and we find, in Mr. Neumann's work, a greater insight into the objects and a deeper sympathy with the struggles of the early colonists,—a clearer and more comprehensive view of the gradual unfolding of the colonial life into a self-existent and ambitious nation, kindling with a sense of a higher destiny, and dazzled with the vision of an empire as beneficent as it is vast,—than would be possible among the average scholars of other nations. As the judgment, therefore, of an accomplished and laborious German, taking nothing at second-hand, but making always his own investigations, and forming his own opinions, his work deserves attention, although it may not surprise us with a new theory or present us with a new fact,—familiar as we are with the history of our own country from contemporary writers and original sources.

The want which he has attempted to supply is that of "a complete history of the United States, from the Colonial times to the present day, satisfactory at once to the general reader and the student, and accompanied by a careful citation of authorities,—no such work having as yet appeared either in America or Europe." There is certainly a want of such a work upon the later history of the United States; but Mr. Neumann seems utterly ignorant of Mr. Hildreth's respectable effort to meet it, while to Mr. Bancroft, whose great work covers the Colonial and Revolutionary period, he makes scarcely an allusion. His own work he proposes to embrace within three volumes. The first, which extends from the settlement of the country to the Presidency of Jefferson, is now given to the world. The second, which will carry on the history to the days of Jackson, is partly finished in manuscript, while for the third, which treats of the subsequent years, he has already made large collections of material. The progress of mental and moral culture, and the development of the commercial and industrial relations of the country, have been the subjects of his special study. The facts of our history are known well enough; as Müller and Schlosser, and others who have attempted a universal history of the world, have so

often affirmed, it is not facts you want so much as their interpretation. The great conspiracy of the Southern slaveholders, of which he hopes to give a sketch, will form a fitting conclusion to the work he has undertaken. We trust, however, that when he revises his work he will correct the ridiculous blunder (p. 136), that, at the breaking out of the Revolution, the population of Boston was but fifteen or sixteen hundred.

Mr. Neumann enjoys a good reputation in Germany as an Oriental scholar. In the Chinese literature he is an authority, and of Chinese books he made in China the first European collection. He is far advanced in life, and his work upon America may be the last he will write after so many years of ceaseless literary activity. We hope he will live to finish it: for those who wish to know how America looks from the other side of the water, we cannot point out a better book. In the cause of liberal ideas in Europe, Mr. Neumann has fought many battles and made many sacrifices; among them, that greatest of all sacrifices to an ambitious German scholar,—the position and influence which a professorship in a large university confers. We are not surprised, therefore, when he says that the history of the United States has afforded him the noblest enjoyment which he has ever experienced in the course of his long and troubled life,—that its moral elevation has been a source of solace and of thought to him in the midst of the sad confusions of his own land and the hopeless follies of his own people.

The conception which he has formed of the American character is illustrated by the following passage:—

“As his thin, sharp face and his tall, lank form indicate, the American, and especially the New-Englander, delights in excessive bodily activity and intense mental excitement. In a taste for the pleasures of life he seems to be wholly wanting. He is ever staking his life, yet never winning. He loves to measure his strength in controversy, careless whether it is with the priest at the altar or the prince on his throne. He will boldly criticise and determine the character of every faculty of the human mind and every employment of the human intellect. His restless struggle for independence knows no limits. Hence his vast enterprise, with its extravagance and its reactions,—the so-called crises and panics in commercial as in civil life. In all these things, the European, from the influences of his past, as well as from the numberless limitations to which he is subjected, is wholly different. The Anglo-Saxons, and among them, again, the New-Englanders, overrun all America. They cross all mountains and all seas. We find them on the Ganges and among the Windhya Mountains, on the banks of the Amazon and in the passes of the Andes. They are the gold-diggers of California and British Columbia. They spread the Gospel in China and Japan, among the Birmans and the Dajak. They stretch their telegraphs and their railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They build ships for the Sultan and steam-engines for the Czar. They construct iron-clads, and at the same time invent artillery to destroy them. With manifold machines they extract from the earth its treasures and mould them into all possible forms for all possible uses. In a word, the Americans are a shrewd, indefatigable people, ever striving for something new, something gigantic. Hence the extraordinary influence they have had in the world, and will continue to have in future years.”

WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

WE own to a very pleasant surprise in our acquaintance with the charming "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."* The book came to us in so quiet and unheralded a way,—it was so mere an accident that led to the choice of it for evenings in a sick-chamber,—the subject is one which might so easily be spoiled by unskillful treatment,—that it was with a constant sense of novelty as well as charm we turned its pages and watched the unfolding of its scenes. It is without name or preface or any clew whatever to its authorship. We can only conjecture, from the delicacy of its touch, that it was written by a lady,—some circumstances would lead us to think it from a German source,—at any rate, by some one well imbued with the best sort of knowledge of the period it treats, and endowed with that fineness of perception, that genius of sympathy, essential either to an artistic or a religious understanding of the topic.

In form, it is a family chronicle, of the period of the Reformation, beginning with the boyhood and student-life of Martin Luther, and continued till his death. It consists of a series of narratives by brothers and sisters in the household of Cotta, the Wittenberg printer (an historical name),—recorded at the time, in the manner of a diary, and taking in a near view of some of the most interesting scenes of the period. The great fervor and tenderness of religious feeling manifested throughout takes all variety of manifestation,—in the grandmother, of noble Hussite descent, who has brooded silently for long years over that blood-quenched light of truth which is to cheer her sight once more before she departs; in the mother, so humble, timid, toil-worn, and devoted, who dreads lest she has forsaken the better part in cleaving to her human loves and duties; the elder brother and sister, whose experience makes the double guiding thread of the fortunes of the tale; the adopted child, dreamy, enthusiastic, devout, the lovely saint of the family group, who escapes at last from the sterility of convent-life to be once more the charm and blessing of a pious home;—these, with the various types of character and fortune shown in the younger children and in the group of kindred, make a most interesting series of illustrations of the religious life of that stirring period. The critical moments in the early career of the great Reformer himself are points on which many incidents of the story hinge. These (we have private assurance for saying) "are veritable history, drawn from sources of the most trustworthy character. The material statements concerning Luther's connection with the Cotta family are also matters of history. The filling up of this framework, such as the conversations, etc. intended to show the development of the Reformation, the characters introduced to carry on these conversations, the movements of the family, and other subordinate features of the work, are, strictly speaking, imaginary; but so true to nature and to fact, that it is difficult to realize that the imagination has

* *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family.* By Two of Themselves. New York: M. W. Dodd.

The Same. (Original and Superior Edition.) Edinburgh, London, and New York: T. Nelson and Son.

been allowed any scope whatever, or find the line separating fancy from fact."

We think that no one can read it without being struck with the beauty, tenderness, skill, and knowledge shown in it; and wish for it a larger — we are sure it will be a cordially grateful — circle of readers.

THE poems of Miss Ingelow * have been much read and much admired, but not more than they deserve. What writer of our time has given us a first volume of so much originality and promise? There are few, one would hope, who can read this book without feeling themselves for a long time the happier and better for it; without awaking to a fresher sense of that divine beauty of life which is constantly revealing itself by glimpses to those who have eyes to see it. Those who have been familiar with grand and beautiful scenery, and who cherish those memories as the best part of all their education, will delight in these verses; for they will find here the nature which they love reflected in language, rendered into "mortal words," with a truth, a power, and a vividness which are at times really wonderful. The exquisite melody of Miss Ingelow's poetry is always subordinate to the sense, — always the natural form in which her thought seems to find impassioned and lifelike expression.

This is no place to define our author's genius, or to illustrate her power by citations; but we must be allowed a few words to indicate the service which we hope Miss Ingelow may yet perform for the poetry of her time. It seems to us that none of our great poets has yet adequately performed the poet's office, — to awaken the sense of beauty in men, by reproducing the ideal world in a sensible and lasting image; by rendering into words the loveliest scenes and truest emotions of life, — those scenes and moments in which the natural world is itself the ideal, — and so by memory and imagination

"Life's trodden paths with beauty to renew,
And soothe the eve of many a toil-stained day."

To perform this office, there is no need of curious learning, or of that nice analysis which reveals shades of feeling so delicate that only constant watching can disclose them: such gifts may do more harm than good, if they tend to substitute an intellectual enjoyment for the truly poetic pleasure, — delight in the beauty of the verse. Now, to our thinking, the greater poets of our day are, as a rule, too analytic, too learned, or too labored, to satisfy the demands of perfect art, to uplift their generation by the simple song of passion or delight, and so satisfy the longing of men for the beautiful expression of their own feelings. This work has been left too much to the less powerful singers; and so, when we ask for the beautiful utterance of common emotions, we must be content with the strains — sweet, but scarcely strong — of a Miss Procter or Miss Muloch. The reason that we admire and delight in Miss Ingelow's poetry is, that it seems to us the promise of a return to a more objective style. — to true poetry, "simple, sensuous,

* Poems. By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

passionate." Hers appears to us a mind which, when it has reaped all the use of study and experience, may perhaps perform the poet's work for her generation as no other has performed it. Not that we consider her present work a work equal in depth or in classic beauty to the Laureate, or in passion to Mrs. Browning; but it seems to us of a new kind, a new order, and we hail it as the dawn of a bright day. It is truly delightful to find Nature rendered with such truth, beauty, tenderness, — neither neglected for abstract thought, nor dimmed by the introduction of ideas which are foreign to her, — always the same bright, glorious, poetic world. Educated evidently in a beautiful country, of a disposition which — as this volume shows on every page — from childhood must have appropriated all that loveliness, Miss Ingelow is to an extraordinary degree under the influence of the Nature around her. She possesses in no small measure that mysterious privilege of genius, that these glories should inspire her mind, enter into and reflect themselves in her poetry.

That quality which gives us most hope for the future is her strength, so far removed from the feminine softness and smoothness to which we are so accustomed in the poetry of women. "Poets write masculine numbers." The quaint point of her dialogue is especially pleasing for the power which it reveals.

We trust that in Miss Ingelow we have at last an escape from the everlasting introspection of modern poetry. It is not hers to reveal the secrets of the soul, to discuss the grounds of religious belief. Where she attempts it, as in "Honors," she fails absurdly. For our part, we are glad of it. It is idle to search the soul with the hope of discovering Deity hidden somewhere in its depths. The poet who feels obliged to inform us that he has looked for God in vain without and within, and yet believes against his reason, is incapable of any sublime song; at least his lips can never be touched with the sacred fire that kindles souls. As a poet, he has nothing to do with the reason of his belief and knowledge; enough that he sees and feels the eternal soul in all beauty and truth, and gathers whatever is most lovely to wreath for his altar offering. It is just this unquestioning, adoring, natural strain which we hope for from Miss Ingelow; for unless we are deceived, she is capable of the humility and self-forgetting adoration which are the springs of true poetry.

Whoever seeks for faults will find many here. But if Miss Ingelow is true to herself, if she does not mistake her power, above all, unless she writes too much or too fast, we hope that there is a splendid future in store for her.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE Rev. Mr. Gage had the privilege of personal intercourse with, and regular instruction from, the celebrated Ritter, of whose contributions to scientific geography he has given to the American world the introduction to his principal work, *Die Erdkunde*, and observations on the fixed forms of the earth's surface, the position of the continents, the aid of form and numbers in geographical spaces, the historical element in geographical science, the resources of the earth, and the external features of the

earth in their influence on history.* Only one of these papers, the last, was written as late as 1850; the others date so far back, nearly half a century, that their grand thoughts have found their way wherever geography is studied thoroughly, have given fame to many less original writers, and influenced study in this department throughout the world. Ritter's central idea is given in these words in regard to Palestine:—

“ Does not every garden spot owe to the cherishing care of the gardener its influence over the trees, the fruits, and their growth? And can any country in God's wider domain lie under his active rule without affecting its people, and all the inhabitants of the earth? The activities of nature cannot hereafter be excluded from the list of those agencies which God himself uses for the welfare of the human race. Yet these activities are far, as yet, from being comprehended by us, in spite of that tone of confidence which a falsely-presumptuous science not seldom assumes, while nevertheless hardening in its own groundless delusion.”

The tone of his writings is, therefore, as religious as it is philosophical; it inspires in other minds the same sentiment of praise which was the key-note to his; it fortifies the conviction of an overruling Providence upon the broadest possible basis. And therefore it was fitting that some notice of Ritter's own life, so calm, beautiful, and devout, should introduce these too brief specimens of his unequalled contributions to scientific geography. In a country where geography offers more to the student than under any other single government on the face of the earth, it is well to come into sympathy with the spirit as well as the ideas of the greatest genius which has yet devoted itself to this inexhaustible field of thought.

THE Inspector-General of the Mines of the Argentine Republic, Major Rickard,† crossed the continent last year from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres, threaded the passes of the Andes, and, halting occasionally for game, laid open the richest and most numerous argentiferous mines in the world. In crossing the Cumbrian Pass he was overtaken by a fearful storm, endangering his life, killing some mules, and afflicting him with color-blindness. Mendoza, once a beautiful city of sixteen thousand souls, now an enormous graveyard, twelve thousand of its population having been buried by a recent earthquake under its ruins, impressed him more than any other sight on the whole route. Vast hunting-grounds invite visitors from abroad; ostriches sometimes, partridges frequently, and a creature like the llama, only larger and more beautiful, reward the fearless pursuit; while the generosity of the now settled government, the lack of agricultural labor, and the immense fertility of the soil, offer unsurpassed attractions to immigration. The method of travel is by mule, a creature safer, easier, and more enduring than the horse,— in all wild countries protecting its rider best when left to itself, and undergoing privations of water, as well as food, beyond anything but a camel. The grand object of the journey—the mines

* RITTER's Geographical Studies. Translated by W. L. GAGE. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1863.

† A Mining Journey across the Great Andes. By MAJOR F. IGNACIO RICKARD. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

of the San Juan district — more than equalled expectation: many parts of the province have both gold and silver. The deposits appear to extend from the River Platte in the north to Cape Horn in the south, and across the entire continent. One hundred mines are now in operation near Tonstal, within the space of one thousand yards upwards of twenty being already worked, and one of the samples being found in London to yield two thousand and four hundred ounces of silver to the ton, though a frequenter product is one hundred and sixty-eight ounces to the ton of crude ore. The Major is understood to be now procuring British engines to work these mines to the best advantage, under government direction. Every natural facility is to be found in their neighborhood; recent laws favor the miner; the present government is intelligent, friendly to foreigners, and progressive, and no doubt this withdrawing of the popular mind from revolutionary projects to mining will favor the peace and confirm the prosperity of the country.

ONLY in 1860 was the first journey made across Australia from sea to sea by Burke and Wills, who paid for their success with their lives; and now six expeditions have been made, the one narrated by John Davis,* in the simple style of De Foe, extending from Adelaide to the Gulf of Carpentaria, that is, from south to north, and designed primarily to rescue Burke and Wills or determine their fate. McKinley, the leader, possessed every requisite for the perilous expedition except a knowledge of the native language. The neglect of providing an interpreter for the black men (whom they encountered continually in small companies) no doubt cost them many leagues of needless travel, diminished their resources of food and water, and deprived them of much local information which would have been valuable. Nor do the supplies with which they were furnished seem to have been sufficient in kind or quality for spending months in what was supposed to be a howling desert. Their preserved meats proved bad, their single thermometer was soon broken, and needful articles, like brandy and tobacco, seem not to have been at their command when most needed. Otherwise, their camels, flock of sheep, bullocks, and horses, furnished the proper complement to the energy, sagacity, endurance, and ability to command of their "governor." Next to him, worthy John Davis seems to have been the life of the expedition, and, according to his journal, always hopeful, good-natured, alert, and ready to put the best face upon the worst mishap. Still, with all his desire to do away the horrors which former travellers had gathered around the forlorn, barren, uninhabitable interior of Australia, the naked facts crop out on every page, of intense heat and also severe cold, of clouds of flies, of dried-up streams at one season alternating with perfect deluges of rain at another, of a general scarcity of game and an absence of sheltering trees, of low sand-hills and boggy plains where even the camel must wander miles for his miserable food. At every turn we are reminded by contrast of the exploring expeditions in our own wilderness, of the

* *Tracks of McKinley and Party across Australia.* By JOHN DAVIS. With Map and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low. 1863.

navigable streams, deep forests, noble mountains, and superb soil about to invite the world to unequalled privileges along the track of the Pacific Railroad. Yet, while centuries must pass before these rich regions can be occupied, Davis believes the wretched land he has escaped from with life will be speedily inhabited.

THE Pictures of German Life, by Gustav Freytag,* are one of those quiet contributions to historical knowledge which deserve more attention than they receive. Freytag has written novels and plays, and acquired considerable reputation by both among those who can read a German novel or sit out a German play; but he has hardly written anything so interesting, certainly nothing so valuable, as this book.

In the first volume are pictured the Life of the German Peasant, the Life of the Lower Nobility, the German and Shooting Festivals, the "Stillen im Lande," or Pietists. In the second, the titles are, Away from the Garrison, the State of Frederic the Great, the Years of Tuition of a German Citizen, the Period of Ruin, the Rise of the Nation. But these titles are general, and, like most German titles, do not indicate the interest which the book really has. It is an inside view, as it were, of history, with sufficient imagination in it to illumine the dullness and redeem the sterility of lives so humble and times so often painful. It shows a careful study of the period of which it treats; and, though happily not crowded with facts, one meets on almost every page with statements which throw a striking light upon many disputed or uncertain points. Indeed, all that Freytag does is marked with the same care and finish, which, we may add, shows to better advantage in the original than in the translation. We should hardly know where to look for so truthful a picture of the state in which Germany was left by the Thirty Years' War,—that saddest of the desolations known to civilized nations,—in which two thirds, if not three fourths, of the entire population of the land were swept away; or of the severity of the oppressions involved in the feudal system, which has left the German husbandman in a worse condition than he was in six hundred years ago, under the Hohenstaufens. When Goethe's *Tasso* was for the first time represented at the court of Saxony, one of the most refined and the most luxurious of the age, the peasants of Meissen were rising against the land-owners, because the burdens of villeinage left them scarcely a day in the week to labor for themselves. And when his "Hermann and Dorothea" appeared, it was a new discovery that there was anything in humble life worthy of notice. No wonder that, when the news of the French Revolution spread through the country, the peasants everywhere danced round the red cap on the liberty-trees. The peculiarities of German life in the last century, as in this, are certainly singular; but it ought never to be forgotten—and Freytag is very successful in showing it—that it was to the efforts of the German scholars, to the

* Pictures of German Life in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. Second Series. By GUSTAV FREYTAG. Translated from the Original by MRS. MALCOLM. Copyright Edition. London: Chapman and Hall. 1863. 2 vols.

philosophers who taught the value of human life and the dignity of the human character, to the poets who preached the crusade of freedom, that it was in great part owing that, out of the long demoralization that followed the Thirty Years' War, there arose at last a better people, with a stronger faith and a higher ideal,—a nation “to which it is now a pleasure, and will soon be an honor, to belong.”

MR. WILBERFORCE must have called his book *Social Life in Munich** on the principle of *lucus a non*, for it deals with everything rather than what we properly understand by that phrase. It consists apparently of the short and vapid notes which he was in the habit of making for the (London) “Athenæum” while he resided in Munich. He does not fatigue us, to be sure, with useless statistics, but neither does he inform us of indispensable facts. There is not a word about persons, and, on the other hand, nothing about literature or science. There are stupid criticisms upon the frescos of Cornelius, but none at all upon Geibel or Carrière or Liebig. There are strictures upon Bavarian railways, but no description of Bavarian habits; some twaddle about public buildings, but not a word about the University; some dry details about the picture-galleries, but no information about the artists. In other words, of the proper life of Munich, so largely influenced by its men of letters and its men of science, Mr. Wilberforce either knows nothing or will say nothing. And this is the more to be regretted, since there is hardly a city in Germany which is better worth knowing than Munich,—the creation, in great part, of the present age, and a fair representative of modern Germany.

Forty or fifty years ago it was a small, dull capital, as contracted as the age in which it was built, dirty and gloomy and mean. It is now a large and cheerful city, with wide streets and splendid buildings,—well fulfilling the boast of its founder, that he who has not seen Munich has not seen Germany. Of the character, and still less of the policy of Ludwig I., we have nothing now to say. That he drained the provinces to some extent to adorn the capital, is very likely to be true; and that he built near Ratisbon a splendid Walhalla, in which he at first refused admittance to “Dr. Luther,” and put Mozart between the melodious Genseric and Alaric, is undeniable. But then there is the capital, with the finest buildings in the world for the exhibition of paintings and of statues, with one of the finest churches and one of the largest and most splendid libraries in Germany, with streets adorned with numerous statues in bronze, with one of the best theatres and one of the prettiest court chapels in Europe. At what expense or at whose expense this was all accomplished is not now the question.

Compared with the central or northern states of Germany, Bavaria has certainly been backward in the development of its resources and in the progress of its arts. But apart from the financial and political questions which force themselves upon one's attention when consider-

* *Social Life in Munich.* By EDWARD WILBERFORCE. London: William H. Allen. 1863.

ing the state of the country, the social life merely of Munich we consider quite as elevating and as inviting as that of any of the capitals of Germany. Essentially a modern city, Munich lacks the traditional reputation which clings to Heidelberg or to Dresden, and in a degree to Berlin. But that very newness gives it a charm which one seeks in vain in the mouldy and worm-eaten cities that have survived the convulsions and the desolations of the last three centuries. With all the advantages of modern appliances, Munich may rank also with Florence as one of the cheapest cities of Europe. And for education in the arts, for the pursuit of science or of learning, for the study of languages, for the enjoyment of life, with all the intellectual privileges of a large capital, a great University, a library free to all and to almost any extent, Munich is in many respects already unsurpassed. The only drawback upon it — and one unfortunately of a permanent character — is the severity of its climate in the winter; but even that has its compensations. The people of Southern Germany are good-natured and polite to a degree seldom found in Europe; and nowhere, perhaps, does the stranger so soon find himself at home. We do not suppose that there exists in English any fair description of German manners, written with any appreciation of the character of German life. But it is time that the truth should be told about a country which has many things in common with us, and from which we draw so large a part of our best foreign population. And none but an American, perhaps, will ever succeed in telling it.

MR. MAYHEW went to Germany to prosecute certain inquiries into the early life of Martin Luther; the result has been two bulky volumes, of more than six hundred pages each, upon the condition and manners of the Germans.* The book has a certain value, if one will ignore the spirit in which it is written, and accept with caution the generalizations which it contains. Its opening chapter is devoted to the village life of the little hamlet of Möhra, not far from Eisenach, which was the native place of Luther's father, and where to this day descendants of the Luther family may be found. From Möhra Mr. Mayhew went to Eisenach, a town of twelve or thirteen thousand inhabitants, described by Murray in his Guide-Book as "clean, thriving, and prosperous," but which Mr. Mayhew found to be dirty, beggarly, wretched. It is with this single town, with the exception of the beer-drinking customs of the students of Jena and the duels which they fight, and a long account of the legends of Germany, that Mr. Mayhew's book is taken up.

It is a difficult task for a foreigner to sit in judgment upon any country, especially if the foreigner be an Englishman and the country

* German Life and Manners as seen in Saxony at the Present Day; with an Account of Village Life, Town Life, Fashionable Life, Domestic Life, Married Life, School and University Life, etc. of Germany at the Present Time. Illustrated with Songs and Pictures of the Student Customs at the University of Jena. By HENRY MAYHEW, Author of "London Labor and London Poor," "Great World of London," etc. In two volumes. London: William H. Allen & Co. 1864.

Germany. The difference of national customs cannot be made into a difference of civilization. There is nothing dirty or immoral in eating veal in preference to beef, or in using wood for fuel in preference to coal, or in drinking beer in preference to spirits, or in living in lodgings if you cannot afford to have a house of your own. But all these peculiarities of the Germans are made part of the grand indictment which Mr. Mayhew has drawn up against Germany. We have never been in Eisenach, but we have been in Weimar, the other capital of the Grand Duchy of Weimar-Eisenach, in Dresden, the capital of Saxony, and in all the other capitals and in many towns of Germany, and we affirm that such a state of things as Mr. Mayhew describes does not exist, at least to the extent he claims. Moreover, it is grossly unjust to take a single town like Eisenach, without manufactures or commerce or a university, which has been but little, if at all, exposed to those healthier influences which in the last few years have so essentially changed the character and the condition of so many parts of Germany, as exhibiting a type of German life and manners.

Mr. Mayhew goes into a long and minute calculation to prove that at least one third of the gross gains of the inhabitants are devoted to beer. But even if this holds of Eisenach, which we doubt, is it fair to infer the same of the whole German people? Germany is so made up of differing countries with different manners, that it is impossible to generalize upon the condition of its people. "Feeding of the Biped Pigs in Saxony" is the heading of one of his chapters upon domestic life; and the book deals *ad nauseam* with similar abuse.

The title is ambitious; but the reader who really wants information about either the town life, or the fashionable life, or the university life of Germany, will be disappointed in these volumes, which are given up in large part to virulent declamation against the poor inhabitants of Eisenach, with whom Mr. Mayhew's lot happened for a time to be cast. The account, however, of the schools of Eisenach may be useful; while the information which is given touching the administration of the forests is certainly curious.

That it costs three times as much for fuel in Germany as in England is doubtless unfortunate, and it is to be regretted that a people so economical as the Germans have not yet begun to dig for the coal which lies under their feet, instead of preserving, at so great an expense of arable land, the districts now dedicated to the support of the forests. Mr. Mayhew will perhaps in time write another book, in which he will show where this coal is to be found. But in estimating an Englishman's complaints against another country, it must always be remembered that mere physical comfort is much more thought of in England than on the Continent. The Englishman is singularly unartistic, unimpassioned in his nature. He is willing to make no sacrifices for enjoyment. His first care, and his last, is his own personal comfort. We do not say that the Germans and the French do not carry too far their disposition to enjoy life; perhaps they do. But it is hardly fair to abuse them because they do not have comforts which they do not want. That these volumes of Mr. Mayhew will be largely read in

England, and to a certain extent in this country, we cannot doubt ; for they are written with all that petty minuteness which makes a book popular ; and, moreover, they minister to the arrogant prejudices which the English people are educated to entertain for all foreign countries. As a one-sided view of certain peculiarities of the German people, they may not be without interest ; but for any large and just idea of German life and manners we hold them worthless.

SOME lively essays from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "The Dutch at Home,"* have but lately reached this country, and have received but little notice. In many things they are models of book-making. A country remarkably prosaic and monotonous, destitute of fine scenery, and declined from its former greatness, neither adorned with handsome houses, handsome women, nor handsome streets, cut up with dirty canals, noisome with ship-chandler's odors, and in some parts fighting for daily life with the sea, prompts this exiled Parisian to two most agreeable volumes. An American, not engaged in commerce, finds it hard to spend a week among so dull a people, in Museums that wear a musty air, and galleries of paintings that have the look of family likenesses, and streets that seem to have gone to sleep, and walking oddities that after the first day become exceedingly tiresome, like the helmeted men on the stage who march round again every ten minutes. But the only attractive account of the wonderful water-works in Holland is given in the first of these volumes ; one of the most instructive accounts of zoölogical gardens is to be found in the second, — immediately following a really valuable historical notice of the Jewish race. These admirable chapters mingle naturally with the easy narrative of a traveller, and blend desirable knowledge with pleasant incident, as if there had been no study required to make up this framework of the book. After all, these frugal, phlegmatic, money-loving Dutch deserve honorable mention, not only for their successful warfare with the ever-encroaching sea, for their world-wide discoveries as navigators, for the asylum they have given in all time to the oppressed and persecuted, the Huguenot, the Hebrew, and the Puritan, for their marvellous resistance of Spanish oppression, but still more for their triumphant vindication of the largest liberty of conscience.

A CAMBRIDGE Professor, with a strong relish for classical antiquities, a liberal spirit, and an earnest appreciation of fine scenery, naturally desired to visit the Septinsular Republic, just as it was about to exchange the English protection of nearly half a century for union with the kingdom of Greece.† His visit to each island in turn opened to him many rarely examined remains of very ancient ruins of the Cyclopean period, as remarkable for their immense stones as any of the wonders of Egypt, and consecrated with the far higher purpose of pro-

* The Dutch at Home. By ALPHONSE ESQUIROS. Translated by LASCELLES WRAXALL. London : Chapman and Hall. 1861. 2 vols.

† The Ionian Islands in 1863. By Professor D. T. ANSTED. London : W. H. Allen & Co. 1863.

tecting powerful kingdoms, whose history is now less than a fable. The walls at Cephalonia, he says, involve at least equal ingenuity in their construction, greater power of combination, and had a more definite object than the Pyramids; and whoever invented them, he concludes, were at least as intelligent, and probably more practical, than the Egyptians, if we are to judge of them by such of their works as are handed down to us in a perfect state. Drawings, plans, and measurements make these remarks particularly impressive.

From a brief visit to Corfu, Professor Ansted's criticism upon the English protectorate, which extended every favor to his journey, seems to us altogether just. With many blunders, some peculation, and no little waste of means, the English have made roads, some of them excellent; have supplied the towns with aqueducts, public buildings, harbors, and forts; have taught the people to understand and respect justice; have done much to check lawless violence and prevent that perpetual litigation which is the curse of Southern Europe. But then the people have been kept in leading-strings, have not been educated at all for self-government, have only been cared for in their material interests, have not had sufficient cause to love that despotic sway they are now so delighted to escape. During this half-century, next to nothing has been done to bring out the better part of national character: their customs are little improved; they dress miserably, hardly know what home-comforts are, gain little in population, are exposed needlessly to malaria, and entertain no lively feelings of gratitude to a sway which might have done much to regenerate their race.

The saddest reflection of all is, that these proud, quick-witted, enthusiastic children are now to be cast off by their distant step-mother, not only unable to add anything of hope to the new constitutional government of Greece, but perfectly unfitted to use any larger liberty.

“A WINTER in Upper and Lower Egypt”* has some claims upon permanent regard. An invalid, in charge of another, probably consumptive person, views the country partly in a sanitary light, compares the climates of different parts, prefers Nubia above every place on the Mediterranean, reports exactly the changes of thermometer, the ways of avoiding discomfort, the besetting diseases, the preparations to be made in England or at Malta, and the hundred other incidents important to be known by those in pursuit of health. For this Mr. Hoskins's book may be safely recommended. Though intending to show that the Nile trip is not remarkably expensive, he needlessly exaggerates the charges, urges an outfit a hundred times more than suffices for the comfort of a whole party of Americans, establishes an apothecary's shop where the least possible medicine is required, stores his large boat with princely luxuries, and, of course, quadruples the expenses to which a person of simple taste need be subject in that singularly cheap country. Still, a good deal of valuable information is offered to the increas-

* A Winter in Upper and Lower Egypt. By G. A. HOSKINS. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1863.

ing number who seek in Upper Egypt the most beautiful winter climate in the world,—equable, dry, pure, inspiring. Nor is this second visit to the sunny land without some addition to our knowledge. Though he does not denounce the grand robber, Lepsius, by name, he is justly severe upon those who are destroying, as fast as possible, the grandest ruins in the world; he shows how rapid their mutilation has been from 1833 to 1863, how wanton and universal; much of it, alas! the work of nations who profess to be the most civilized, who deface needlessly, fracture recklessly, and carry away ship-loads of all that makes Egypt instructive, interesting, and peculiar.

GENERAL CAMPBELL has secured himself a place among the benefactors of mankind.* In the war waged by the British East Indian Company to reduce some mutinous Rajahs, it was discovered that human sacrifices were regularly and repeatedly made in the most barbarous form, to secure the fertility of the soil, to obtain victory in battle, or prosperity in commencing a new village. As these savage mountaineers were not in subjection to British rule, as the wild country they inhabited was exceedingly pestilential to Europeans, as the English authorities had no desire of incorporating such wretched territories within their overgrown dominion, the task of changing an ancient superstition was unspeakably severe. Every kind of hardship was to be endured; the most brutal savages were to be conciliated; fierce warriors to be awed without bloodshed; diseases which mowed down whole companies to be endured; the most wearisome councils to be conducted with chieftains intemperate, licentious, and brutal to the last degree. And all this for the sake of humanity.

General Campbell seems to have been rarely adapted to this remarkable achievement. To a wonderful constitution he united singular presence of mind, inexhaustible patience, entire fearlessness, an immovable purpose of accomplishing the most difficult enterprise recently attempted in the name of Christian civilization. Twelve hundred and sixty destined victims were saved from being cut up alive; some of them rescued in the midst of heathen solemnities, which had been practised time out of mind, and upon which security from famine and success in war were universally believed to depend. The germs of civilization were introduced among most ferocious mountaineers. A new idea of European humanity was brought home to these oldest idolaters. The very roots of the bloody crime have been torn up. Providence lending the aid of fruitful, healthful seasons, immediate upon the abolition of these infernal festivals, the natives have become convinced of their delusion. A district as large as Wales has been raised a whole degree in the scale of humanity; their language has been reduced to system; schools have been commenced; missions have now some chance of success; and only once, and then without much damage, was this heroic officer obliged to defend himself by force of arms.

* *A Personal Narrative of Thirteen Years' Service amongst the Wild Tribes of Khondistan, for the Suppression of Human Sacrifice.* By Major-General JOHN CAMPBELL. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1864.

THE adventures of an English officer among the mountainous regions of India* must not be compared with foot-excursions in England or America. Captain Knight did not start or return by this simple manner of motion: he tried a variety of vehicles, besides the backs of horses and men; he was not roaming about fancy free, but had a limited time and a designated country, a large retinue and a full purse, a liberal allowance of brandy and that generous supply of porter without which it is so hard for an Englishman to be comfortable. No particular adventures other than dining very late, missing fire at the mountain goats, breaking an axle occasionally, having to wink at the extortions of poverty-stricken natives, encountering untold difficulties in the supply of the larder, occurred to justify the publication of an elegant volume, with profuse illustrations, colored and plain. Captain Knight was not the man to make much more than vacancy out of his vacation. What he says of the three great religions, Buddhism, Brahminism, Mohammedanism, is trite and poor. Neither are the political reflections or the study of the monuments worth a straw. What one knows before they will know after finishing this pedestrian's diary, and little more other than the impressions made by pictures of ruined temples and ancient bas-reliefs. A Buddhist devotee is mentioned, who had spent sixty years in a cave without knowing that it had a painting upon its walls,—before whose door was a spreading tree, which he had never looked upon during this lifetime. A more striking instance of absorption in devotion it is difficult to imagine. An ingenious anecdote of the Mussulman judgment is given. "The soul said, I was created without a hand to lay hold with, a foot to walk with, an eye to see with, or an understanding to apprehend with, until I entered the body: therefore, punish it, but deliver me. The body, on the other hand, said, Lord, thou createdst me like a stock of wood, neither able to hold with my hand nor walk with my foot, till this soul entered into me and my tongue began to speak, and my foot to walk: therefore, punish it, but deliver me." Then the parable is told in reply, of a fruit-tree being robbed by two men, one of whom was blind and the other lame: when the sentence was, that the lame man should be put on the blind one's back, and both punished together.

FROM oral tradition, Arab memoirs, and local research, Mr. A. G. Paton has compiled the most interesting and instructive account of modern Egypt and its great reformer,† next to the invaluable descriptions of Mr. Lane. His official position in connection with the British embassy, his thorough knowledge of the native language, his personal acquaintance with Mohammed Ali, the rapid and romantic changes during the invasion of Egypt by Napoleon Bonaparte, the occupation of Syria by Ibrahim Pasha, and the final defeat of the Egyptian army by the combined European powers, clothe his narrative with intense

* *Diary of a Pedestrian in Cashmere and Thibet.* By CAPTAIN KNIGHT, Forty-eighth Regiment. London: Bentley. 1863.

† *History of the Egyptian Revolution, from the Mamelukes to the Death of Mohammed Ali.* By A. G. PATON. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1863.

interest. Unlike most English writers, he does full justice to the Egyptian Viceroy's marvellous ability in replacing utter anarchy with a powerful despotism,—a despotism adapted to the hopelessly degraded natives, subservient to the commercial wants of the age, and every way to be preferred to the wretched misgovernment inflicted upon every other Turkish province.

In the latter part of the work, containing the fullest account of Cairo as it is, its police, its bazaars, its hospitals, and its mosques, he describes in the mosque El Ghowry the relics of the prophet Mohammed, his robe, box of dye, copy of the Koran, hand-mill, carpet, sandals, and cloak, as genuine remains, which seem to have escaped notice hitherto.

The unequalled privileges which travellers enjoy through the reforms commenced by Mohammed Ali, the immense benefits which he conferred on the commerce of the world by facilitating the overland passage to India, the eagerness with which this barbarian conqueror applied the knowledge he obtained from Europeans, his persistent efforts in behalf of humanity under the direction of Clot Bey, and the perfect protection which he secured to Christians of every name, require that his unavoidable failures in adapting Western improvements to the Eastern mind should be leniently judged; that the immense good he really secured, so that it could not be lost, should be fairly weighed against the savage cruelty, the systematic oppression, and wily policy by which he won his way against fearful odds to virtual supremacy over this garden of Africa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. DENIS McCARTHY is best known for his singularly felicitous metrical translations from the Spanish. The rare success with which his last volume, while reproducing the poetic beauty of certain dramas of Calderon, masters the great difficulty of their peculiar form of rhythm and rhyme, was noticed, lately, in this review. His present work * certainly has no attraction of poetry about it, but it testifies to the same painstaking care which marks the translations, and makes them a marvel of exactness.

It deals with one of the "curiosities of literature." It seems that Mr. Sterling, the well-known author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain," edited, some time since, a manuscript in his possession, entitled *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne, par le Marquis de Villars*, and presented it to the Philobiblon Society of London, whose book-loving labors have lately been made widely known through M. Delapierre's interesting analysis of them. Mr. Sterling, of course, considered his *Mémoires* as a book not before printed. In this he was mistaken, and the victim of his friends' forgetfulness and the inaccuracy of bibliographic authorities. For Mr. McCarthy finds in his library a *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne*, printed in Paris in 1733, which he proves identical with

* *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne, sous le Règne de Charles II. (1678–1682.) Par le MARQUIS DE VILLARS. Being a Collation of the various Editions and Manuscripts of these Memoirs now known to exist, with some Inquiry as to their alleged Author. A Paper read before the Royal Irish Academy, Dec. 8, 1862. By DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY, M. R. I. A. Dublin. 1863.*

Mr. Sterling's manuscript and printed volume. And he makes it appear, further, that the book is anonymous, not by the hand of the Marquis de Villars, and that it and Madame d'Aulnoy's *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne* (published in Paris, 1690, and translated by Tom Brown in London, 1692) have one origin. That common source Mr. McCarthy discovers to be a manuscript *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne* in the Library of the Arsenal in Paris, of which the author remains still to be found out.

The collation of manuscripts and editions, the comparison of authorities, and balancing of the facts in the case, are minute and careful. The paper is a model of diligent search most creditable to the author. The subject of the inquiry is a literary curiosity, perhaps of little historical importance. But it is from the lack of just such conscientious and patient inquiry that gross inaccuracies find their way into histories and memoirs, and it is worth the pains to have the truth clear and separate from error, even in things which seem of slight moment.

THOUGH the Memorial of the Walkers of the Old Colony* is not new, and not formally published, but printed for the use of subscribers, we venture to notice it as a very complete specimen of what a genealogy ought to be in form and substance. The compiler had a very difficult task before him,—what might well be the labor of a lifetime. He had five races to trace, some of them exceedingly prolific; to follow these races in a wide dispersion, and to separate them from the multitude of other races bearing the same name. He has done this work with great skill, thoroughness, and accuracy, and has given in this volume a remarkable monument of industry, patience, and perseverance. His task had some compensations for its very numerous vexations and trials. The races which he has traced, as we should judge from the volume, have been prosperous, respectable, virtuous, and Christian. In almost no instance has he been compelled to note any moral delinquencies; or to mention any "who have disgraced the Walker blood." The compiler of the volume has taken pains, as far as possible, to give the religious opinion and the church relation of all the members of the race, and in many instances this is the only important fact of their biography which he has to mention. The history of faith is much more full than the history of deeds. And the children, disappointed in not learning that their ancestors did any great thing, may be consoled with the assurance that they were sincere and devout Christians, and that "no blemish" was found in their lives.

The errors in the volume are mostly trivial, of punctuation and grammar, such as probably escaped the eye of the proof-reader. The most important mistake of fact which we have noted is on page 51, where it is said that Benjamin Walker "gave \$1,000 in 1825 towards the erection of the church edifice of the First Society" in Taunton.

* Memorial of the Walkers of the Old Plymouth Colony, embracing Genealogical and Biographical Sketches of James of Taunton; Philip of Rehoboth; William of Eastham; John of Marshfield; Thomas of Bristol; and of their Descendants, from 1620 to 1860. By J. B. R. WALKER, A. M., Member of the Old Colony Historical Society. Northampton: Metcalf and Company, Printers. 8vo. pp. 480.

The new church of the First Society in Taunton was built in 1829, and not in 1825, and there is no record that Benjamin Walker gave a dollar towards its erection. On the preceding page it is also said that James Walker "gave \$500 to the First Congregational Church" for the same purpose, and that his widow "gave the organ to the Society," both which facts are apocryphal. The mistake of the compiler is in supposing a small body who seceded from the First Church in 1792, and fixed their place of worship in a remote part of the town, to be the *First Church and Society*, because, in defiance both of common sense and the laws of Massachusetts, they continued to claim that name. The edifice of the First Church and Society is on the spot which has belonged to that corporation for more than two hundred years, and the small wooden structure which these Walkers assisted so generously to build is nearly three miles away from the spot in question.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Sermons of Consolation. By F. W. P. Greenwood. A new Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 18mo. pp. 329.

The Silent Pastor; or, Consolations for the Sick. Third Edition, revised and rewritten. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 18mo. pp. 183.

Book of Praise. Compiled by Roundell Palmer. Cambridge: Sever & Francis. ("Golden Treasury" Series.)

Five Years of Prayer, with the Answers. By Samuel Irenæus Prime. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 375.

The Pentateuch, and its Relation to the Jewish and Christian Dispensations. By Andrews Norton. Edited by John James Tayler. London: Longmans.

Of the Imitation of Christ. Four Books. By Thomas à Kempis. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 18mo. pp. 347.

Catholicity of the New Church, and Uncatholicity of New-Churchmen. By B. F. Barrett. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 312. (An earnest and able protest against the growing sectarian tone of many "New Church" journals and congregations; fortified with citations from Swedenborg, and illustrated from the writings of his disciples.)

Meet for Heaven; a State of Grace upon Earth the only Preparation for a State of Glory in Heaven. Second Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 18mo. pp. 306.

A Popular Handbook of the New Testament. By George Canning McWhorter. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. pp. 295.

A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians. With a revised Translation. By Charles J. Ellicott. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 8vo. pp. 171.

The Soldier's Manual of Devotion; or, Book of Common Prayer. Prepared by J. G. Forman. Alton, Ill. 32mo. pp. 215.

The Holy and Profane States. By Thomas Fuller. With an Account of the Author and his Writings. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 16mo. pp. 325. (Uniform with the beautiful volume of Selections from Jeremy Taylor.)

Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love, made to a devout Servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an Ancholete of Norwich, who lived in the Days of King Edward the Third. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 214.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Edward Livingston. By Charles Havens Hunt. With an Introduction. By George Bancroft. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 448. (To be reviewed.)

Life of Archbishop Laud. By John N. Norton. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 18mo. pp. 269.

Autobiography, Correspondence, &c. of Lyman Beecher, D. D. Edited by Charles Beecher. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 563. (A volume of remarkable life and interest. Will be further noticed.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

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